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TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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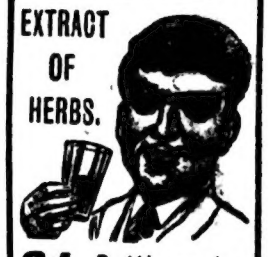
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IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

No. 524.] Transmission at Book Rates. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 4, 1900. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

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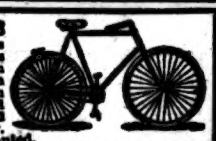

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Great reduction in prices, over 150,000 sold.
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If not satisfied on receipt money returned.
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CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

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Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon.	Price only	6/9
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Cut this out and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

300,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the Finest Instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1899-1900 just out. 200,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. Established 50 years.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,

WIND AND PAINS IN STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,

DISORDERED LIVER, AND FEMALE AILMENTS.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

The 1/1½ box contains 56 pills.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR,

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THE FAMOUS

The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. "Mab" is rapidly superseding the clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

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Sent Post free same day as order.

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"THE MYSTERY MAN" STARTS NEXT WEEK. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING STORIES EVER TOLD.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, July 27th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Aug. 4th, 1900. For full particulars see page 60.

No. 524.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 4, 1900 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

ILLUSTRATED.

"MEN of my profession are very good story tellers," remarked the barber.

"Yes," assented the smarting sufferer in the chair, "and they usually illustrate their stories with cuts."

AN EXAMPLE.

"ELECTRICITY in the atmosphere affects your system," said the scientific physician.

"Yes," said the patient, who had paid two guineas for two visits, "I agree with you. There are times when one feels overcharged."

AT BOSWORTH FIELD.

A TRAGEDIAN playing Richard III. in a small provincial town was waited on after the show by an honest farmer, who said that: "If gen'l'm who wanted a horse was still in the same mind he would like to do business with him."

SMOULDERING.

"FIRE! Fire!" shouted Freddy Lockboy.

"Where?" gasped Ruby Weller.

"On the opposite side of the street."

"I see nothing over there but a girl."

"Well, she is an old flame."

WHAT HE WANTED.

SMALL BOY (to newsagent): "Please, has the BIG BUDGET come yet?"

Newsagent: "Yes, my lad."

Boy: "Well, put it in your window and turn the front page out so that I can read about Airy Alf and Bouncing Billy."

NEVER SEEN "BILLS."

VISITOR: "Is your father at home?"

Little Daughter: "What is your name, please?"

Visitor: "Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill."

Little Daughter: "Then he isn't in. I heard him tell mamma if any Bills came, he wasn't at home."

A SLIGHT DELAY.

CUSTOMER: "Is the proprietor in?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Customer: "Take this steak back and ask him to jump on it."

Waiter: "You'll have to wait a little while, sir. There are two other orders ahead of you."

AN OVERSIGHT.

IDA: "Grace is such a particular girl. She dropped a letter in the box, and then waited an hour to stop the postman and reclaim her letter."

MAY: "I suppose she forgot to place a stamp on the envelope?"

Ida: "Worse than that; she forgot to dot an i."

THE BRUTE.

MRS. GUYER: "This paper says that mice are attracted by music; but I don't believe it."

Mr. Guyer: "Why not?"

Mrs. Guyer: "I never see any mice about when I play the piano."

Mr. Guyer: "Well, that's no excuse for doubting the paper's statement."

A KITCHEN SECRET.

MAMMA was serving jam-pudding.

"Johnny, will you take a little pudding?"

Johnny: "Yes; will you give me the ends, please!"

Mamma: "But why do you wish to have the ends, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Why, when I was in the kitchen I heard Ellen say to cook: 'Put a good lot of jam in the ends, cook, because you know the ends are always left for us.'"

All rights reserved.]

THE MOTHER.

A LITTLE ring of gold—a battered shoe—
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—
Some pencilled pictures—playthings one or two—
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,
Though bearded lips are often here to kiss
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow
That arches over eyes of manly blue
Mean all joy to her living memory now,
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too!

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,
Down in a mother-heart thro' all the years,
That placid age can never lull to sleep
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view
And fingers the wee treasures hidden there—
To touch the little ring and battered shoe
And kiss the curling wisp of golden hair!

A REALLY ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

AMONG the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrowes, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worthies," is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind. A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was:

"To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there."

"Bless me!" Burrowes observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago."

THE POLICEMAN OUTWITTED.

A CYCLIST was riding in the neighbourhood of Worcester after dusk when a brawny constable stopped him, and demanded to know why he was riding without a light.

Not a moment's pause elapsed before the cyclist framed his excuse.

"See that bicycle?" he said, pointing on ahead to the glimmer of a light in the road, "well, that machine is my better-half; it is part of this bicycle, you understand. I was riding tandem when the parts became unglued; my wife rode on ahead not knowing what had happened, and when I recovered my senses she was out of shouting distance."

The constable was still gasping when the cyclist had got up to eight miles an hour.

MISTAKEN ADMIRATION.

A VERY pretty girl, with a decided air of being aware of her charms, stood in front of the lion's cage at the Zoo last Sunday afternoon. Two young men were near her, and her elaborate unconsciousness of their presence betrayed the fact that she knew they were looking at her.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said one young man in a low voice.

"She's a beauty," said the other enthusiastically. The pretty girl's cheeks turned a trifle pinker, but she went on talking to the elderly man with her.

"Beautiful head to draw," commented the first young man. "Look at the way she holds it."

"Um, hum," assented the other; "that shoulder's beautiful."

The pretty girl turned pinker still and looked more pronouncedly unconscious than ever.

"Look at those muscles!" said the first young man. "Look at the muscles in that leg. You can fairly count 'em."

And the pretty girl turned very red indeed, as it dawned upon her that the two admiring young men were discussing the lioness in the cage.

EASILY PLEASED.

"HAVE you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

"No, my lord," replied the man in the dock, "except that it takes very little to please me."

A WATCHFUL WIFE.

"WILLIAM," she said, "will you do something that is for your own good?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to give up smoking. You are simply ruining your health—and my lace curtains."

A SEA VIEW.

VISITOR: "Why do you call it Sea View House, if the sea can only be seen occasionally from the roof?"

Landlady (who has had a travelling burlesque company lodging with her): "We call it Sea View House, sir, because you goes to the top of the house to see view can see it."

A CHARMING MONKEY.

MISS JONES: "Professor, do you dare to look me in the face and say that I originally sprang from a monkey?"

Professor (a little taken aback, but equal to the occasion): "Well, really, it must have been a very charming monkey."

SHE DID THE EARNING.

LADY VISITOR: "Of course, I'm glad to hear that you're married, Daisy; but don't you think it was rather improvident to marry a young man who is only earning twelve shillings a week."

Daisy: "I'm earning the twelve shillings a week—he's doing nuthin'!"

PA COULD POP.

"I WOULD like to know," said the gruff old father to the young man who had been calling with considerable frequency, "whether you are going to marry my daughter."

"So would I," answered the diffident young man. "Would you mind asking her?"

LITTLE, BUT DIGNIFIED.

"SHOW me some of your undershirts, please. Size 38."

"Yes, sir, but that's much too large, size 30 would fit you a great deal better."

"I am buying them, sir, for my youngest son. Kindly attend to the particular vocation for which you draw your salary, and show me some 38's, all wool."

AN IMPERIAL VOLUNTEER.

As the Victorian contingent was parading the streets of Melbourne, a woman pounced on a Volunteer and cried:

"You don't escape your lawful wedded wife like that!"

On being dragged away, she added:

"Oh! if I'd only brought mother with me! We'd have stopped you if we'd had to hammer the whole blessed contingent!"

QUITE LIKELY.

THE fashion of telling the history of a thing, whether or not the occasion requires its telling, is a very common one with orators and writers who do not know exactly how else to spin their yarns. A certain worthy merchant was once quite unexpectedly called upon to preside at a banquet. He wanted to say something in opening the "post prandial exercises" which would be graceful and sound well, and so he began in the following words:

"Gentlemen, the practice of eating meals, ahem! as we have reason to believe, dates back—oohoo!—to the most remote antiquity!"

Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes "The Mystery Man." His first appearance will be next week.

THE TRAGEDY OF A CRYSTAL.

By C. England Cowan.

To be precise, it was exactly at a quarter past eleven on the night of November 4th, 1899, that, as Mr. David Allen sat busily blue-pencilling some proof sheets, he was suddenly startled by hearing a ponderous thud, that to him seemed just under the window. The shock was so great that not only did the reverberation shake the room, but the whole house seemed about to collapse.

Naturally Mr. Allen rose from his seat, and as he walked towards the window his nerves received another, but minor shock, by the abrupt entrance of his wife.

"Oh, David," she exclaimed, "whatever was it?"

"I'll be hanged if I know, dear; seems to me there's been an earthquake."

"I thought it was part of the roof falling."

"Couldn't be. It would take a thousand of such roofs to cause that shock. However, we'll soon see. You stand nearer the fire, my dear, you'll get cold, I mean to open the window and have a look out."

Mr. Allen did so. He listened—for a second or so paralysed with fear. He heard something hissing and spluttering within a few yards of him; then, with the frenzy of a madman, he dashed at his wife, picked her up in his arms and positively flew to the other end of their house.

"Some fiend incarnate," he tried to speak calmly, but couldn't, "has fired a shell—it will expode in a few seconds and we will be——"

"Killed! Oh, my love!" She fell fainting in her husband's arms.

By-and-bye his wife recovered. Allen put his coat around her, and insisted upon her wearing his slippers, for her feet were bare, and thus they waited in breathless suspense. The three-quarters chimed, yet the dreaded explosion came not. Another eternity of time, and it was midnight.

The shivering form of his wife caused Mr. Allen to reflect a little, and he came to the conclusion that they, or at least he, might as well be pulverised by an exploding shell as stay there killing his wife by inches. Upon his suggesting a reconnaissance, however, poor Mrs. Allen wept and implored him not to go. He was firm though, and insisted; but had to submit to a compromise, and they went together.

Mrs. Allen stood shivering before the fading fire, her hands convulsively clutching the coat hanging loosely over her shoulders, as she watched her valiant husband crawl through the open window and vanish in the darkness. More suspense, worse than ever, for her husband was absolutely face to face with death now. Then a match struck. Then—oh, horrors! a wild maniacal yell, followed by other boisterous sounds, and David Allen positively fell into the room. He was moist and muddy, but his eyes twinkled with a merry sort of Christmas look as he held his wife to his manly damp chest.

"Forgive me, Roy, I'm a brute to laugh, and I've frightened my little wife cruelly. It's a fallen meteor, that's all."

"Whatever made you think it was a shell, and that it would go off, and oh, kill us all?"

"Why, those wretched proofs there. That war story you know; those last slips are all shells, blood, and dynamite."

"But I heard the fizzing noise; what caused that."

"These meteors are red hot, love; in fact, they're hotter, they're white, and dropping into a pile of mud and all this rain—no wonder it fizzed."

* * * * *

Mr. Allen was up betimes the next morning, anxious and eager to survey the unbidden guest of the previous night.

Armed with a prodigious spade, and a few lesser lights in garden implements, Mr. Allen reached the spot where the meteoric bolt lay buried. A good four feet of earth had been traversed ere the visitor from the skies had found a halting place. Mr. Allen, with sundry vigorous blessings and other suitable remarks, eventually got his buried treasure securely above ground. It certainly was a most formidable-looking piece of metal, or rather pieces of metal, for, doubtless, the sudden contact with the cold earth had been the cause of its snapping; but, whatever the reason, there it lay on Mr. Allen's little grass plot—a heavenly messenger in three parts. By-and-bye Mrs. Allen arrived on the scene, then their one maid-of-all-work, whose very existence had been forgotten only a few hours before.

"What is that round knob, just on the top of that smallest bit, David?" asked Mrs. Allen, positively ignoring the scientific words of her husband.

"Eh, let me see. Yes, it is a pebble of some kind. I wonder if we can dislodge it without breaking it."

Mr. Allen's time was now fully occupied; in fact, he was so intent upon extracting that pebble whole that his wife had to fairly drag him in to breakfast. After the record-paced meal he called his morning repast, Mr. Allen set to work with redoubled energy, and by eleven o'clock had succeeded in getting the stone away from its metal bed intact.

The stone in size and shape resembled the egg of a rock pigeon, but in colour it was watery, with just the suspicion of a tinge of yellow. Mr. Allen turned it over, wet it, and turned it up to the light. Mrs. Allen turned it over, wet it, and dropped it, but it fell, fortunately, on soft carpet. Mr. Allen, fearful of further risks, immediately wrapped it up in tissue paper, placed it in a box, and remarked that he would walk over to Dr. Reford's and ask his opinion.

Dr. Reford was at home, and delighted to see Mr. Allen, at least, he said so; nor when he heard the strange story of the stone's advent, did it seem that his welcome had been exaggerated.

"My dear Mr. Allen," he remarked, after a close examination of the stone, "you really have given me a great surprise; I may say, sir, that you will give the whole scientific world a surprise, for you, a literary man, will be able to describe every incident so graphically, and so accurately that—that—well, it will boom both the stone and you."

Mr. Allen had misgivings concerning the graphic description, his memory was too clear—far too clear.

Mr. Allen ventured to ask the man of science if he could give any idea as to what the stone really was, but that gentleman averred that he could only follow a close chemical examination and analysis.

"But," added Dr. Reford, "if you and your charming young wife will honour an old bachelor by coming up and dining with him to-night, I'll then tell you all I've been able to discover."

The dinner was a marked success. The old bachelor (the right side of forty) was a perfect host. He talked and laughed and listened. Could discuss and criticise modern literature one minute, and the next would be perhaps asking Mrs. Allen whether she had any unmarried sisters.

With the advent of the nutcrackers the doctor's tone altered. He apologised for what he was about to say, "but you know science is dry work, Mrs. Allen."

"Oh, you are going to tell us about the stone?" she asked eagerly.

"With your permission, I am."

Mr. Allen's remarks at 8.30 a.m. on meteors was, compared to the fearful remarks of Dr. Reford, just as custard pudding to granite. He explained or rather said that upon making a close examination of the stone, he found it to be a leonhardite—a mineral, he said, found always in a crystallised condition. He mystified his listeners by speaking of lateral planes, oblique prisms, translucent edges, and wound up by giving the component parts of this wonderful stone, and its specific gravity. There was a silence, naturally. But a woman's practical common-sense broke the spell.

"Is the stone of any value, Dr. Reford?" she asked.

"Well, scientifically, yes; intrinsically, no—but before returning it, I would like to make a further and more exhaustive inquiry into the chemical parts of it."

"Certainly, Dr. Reford, keep it as long as you wish."

"Thank you, Mr. Allen, and perhaps the results of my analysis, may be of use to you in any article you might write about it."

* * * * *

"What have you done with the pebble, Allen?"

Allen and two or three friends were dining at the Holborn a few days later.

"Oh, I took it to a local doctor who dabbles a bit in science."

"Did he tell you what it was."

"Yes, but I'm hanged if I can remember. It was a jaw-breaking name."

"I'll tell you why I ask. Do you remember Clayton of Trinity, or was he before your time?"

"He was before me."

"Well, no matter. He's a wonderfully smart chap. I saw him absolutely make a diamond a few weeks back. He explained that the pin-head he produced was of the first water, and that when electricity was better known diamonds would be as cheap as they are now dear."

"Go on, Jones, you'll be a second baron yet."

"Oh! you may laugh, boys," went on Jones, "but I saw it. I don't profess to know how he managed it, but he placed a few metals and other ingredients into a crucible, and then boiled the lot up by the aid of a powerful electric current, with the result I've told you. Now, Clayton says if he could only get an odd hundred or thousand degrees, I forget which, more heat he could make a diamond as big as a hen's egg."

"This is no place for me, boys," laughed a man hitherto silent. "Let's go and see if the Empire is still in existence!"

And, chaffing Jones, they parted.

Despite all the efforts of Allen to dispel the thoughts conjured up by Jones' remarks, the matter would recur. He tried to laugh it away, but to no avail. It finally began to worry him, so one morning he walked over to Dr. Reford's to ask for the pebble's return.

The doctor was in and disengaged.

"Mr. Allen, I must apologise for not having communicated with you, but I've been so busy lately, I've really not known which way to turn."

"Oh, don't mention it, doctor; I told you to keep the pebble as long as you liked."

"That's just it, Mr. Allen; I've had it too long to experiment with, and, alas! it is no more."

"Have you lost it?"

"Not exactly that, but I have dissolved it. It was nothing more than glass, Mr. Allen. Come into my laboratory, and I'll show you all that is left of it."

The two went, and Dr. Reford showed Allen a wide-necked phial with some whitish liquid in, and beneath which was a small ridge of green sediment.

"There," said Dr. Reford, waving towards the phial, "is all that is left of your treasure, Mr. Allen."

Allen laughed. To be sure, it was a little forced, for he was disappointed in not having the pebble again to keep as a memento. He, however, said it couldn't be helped.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Allen; I'll solidify that sediment so that you may have something to remind you of your midnight visitor."

Allen jumped at the offer, and left contented.

About a week after this Dr. Reford, accompanied by a youngish looking man, called upon the Allens. The doctor explained that he hadn't had a holiday for nearly four years, and he was going to indulge. He introduced the youngish looking man as Dr. Smith, his *locum tenens*.

"I went up to town the day before yesterday," explained Dr. Reford, "to try and persuade an old medico friend of mine to join me in a trip to the Canaries, and we sail from Liverpool on Saturday."

The two doctors were persuaded to stay for luncheon, and a right jolly meal it was. Dr. Smith was told all, or nearly all, about the meteor, and laughed immoderately at Allen's woeful description of finding his treasure dissolved to green mud.

Just a little before eight o'clock the following morning, a gentlemanly individual called to see Mr. Allen on urgent business. He declined to give his name, or say anything farther than that it was imperative he should see Mr. Allen at once.

"Very sorry to disturb you so early, sir, but I've travelled all night in order to be here in time."

"Have you?" remarked the sleepy Mr. Allen.

"Yes, sir. My name is John Westlock of New Scotland Yard, and I have been sent down here under instructions from a Mr. Albert Jones, a friend of yours."

"Good Heavens, man, what's up?"

"According to Mr. Jones, sir, a few weeks back you had a meteor fall in your garden."

"I had. What then?"

"You sent a pebble it contained to a local doctor named Reford for examination?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, the day before yesterday this doctor called upon Mr. Clayton, the eminent scientist, and explained that the meteor fell in his garden, and that he found the pebble. Mr. Clayton examined it and found it to be a most valuable diamond. A few minutes after the doctor left Mr. Clayton's house, your friend Mr. Jones called, and was told the story about the meteor. Mr. Jones is connected with newspapers I believe—smart fellow; at any rate, he was satisfied that somehow this doctor had got the pebble from you, and had deceived you. It was too late to write, and as he couldn't get away himself he sent for me, and I'm at your service, sir."

"This is all very strange, Mr. Westlock. This Dr. Reford is a most respectable medical man, and, as to the pebble, he showed me that it was only glass—in fact it is dissolved; all that is left of it is a green sediment."

"Well, of course, sir, you know best; but in our line we are always suspicious. Now there would be no harm in going and asking him for that green sediment you mention?"

"But it would look as if I suspected him."

"Just as you like, sir. Of course, it's your affair, but if my advice is worth anything I'd go and get what he says is all that remains of your pebble."

To this Allen reluctantly agreed.

Together they journeyed to Dr. Reford's, and were somewhat surprised that their first knock met with no response. Nor was the second any more successful. Mr. Westlock then took charge of the knocker, and his modest raps soon brought the housekeeper to the door.

"Oh! Mr. Allen, is it you, sir? I'm so glad to see you, things is in an awful mess. Afore any of us were up this morning that Mr. Smith—or Dr. Smith (contemptuously)—leaves the house. Soon after the master was up there was an awful row. He swore he'd been robbed, and when he heard as this Smith man had gone, I thought he was going mad, sir, indeed I did. He raved round the place like a regular luny."

"Where is he now, Mrs. Jumble?"

"Goodness only knows, sir, the last we saw of him he was tearing up the road towards the station."

"What time is the first train for town, Mr. Allen?" the detective asked.

"Ten minutes to seven."

"Exactly. Now, sir, you try and get that phial with the green sediment in, while I make inquiries at the station."

Mr. Allen had no difficulty in obtaining the phial, but Westlock learnt nothing at the station. There had not been a single passenger either to arrive or depart.

These two doctors seemed to have vanished as completely as if spirited away to the stars. Not a trace of either could be found. Nobody had seen them, and not the least fragment of a clue was left behind them.

The green sediment was analysed and proved to be nothing but copperas in solution, and with that solitary piece of information the police and all concerned in the matter had to be content.

Gradually, the interest in the affair died down, and in less than a month Mr. David Allen had almost forgotten about his pebble, as he persisted in calling it, but had his memory suddenly refreshed one morning.

Westlock, the detective, was announced.

"Well, Mr. Westlock, any news?" asked Allen, somewhat surprised.

"I've got your diamond, Mr. Allen."

"Have you really? How did you manage it?"

"Well, sir, as no outside news was obtainable, I came to the conclusion that there had been some foul play, and for the last fortnight I've been searching the neighbourhood, and met with success this morning. Both doctors' bodies were lying in Meridon quarries hidden amongst a lot of undergrowth. To me it is clear. Dr. Reford must have seen Smith hiding, or seeking shelter, and the two must have had a struggle on the cliff, and in their frenzy have fallen over."

"There is no doubt of their identification, I suppose?"

"None, sir, that I can see. I suppose you recognise this as belonging to you?"

Allen took the pebble and examined it, and declared it was the one he had extracted from the meteor.

The customary post-mortem was held, but although no difficulty was found in having the body of Reford recognised, no one came to identify Smith, and he was buried an unknown man.

Of course, the Allens were delighted to get the stone again, but the tragedy enacted within so short a distance of their home cast a certain amount of gloom over them. Allen, in fact, made no secret to feeling a certain amount of awe of the pebble.

Mrs. Allen on the other hand, while admitting there was a something about it verging on the uncanny, thought the best thing to be done was to sell it at once.

Westlock, who was present, agreed with Mrs. Allen, and it was there and then decided that Mr. Allen should run up to town by the six train, and, if possible, dispose of their white elephant.

Westlock said he would have been glad to accompany

Whatever else you leave behind you, don't forget to take the August PEARSON'S on your holiday. For Bank Holiday—or any other holiday—reading, PEARSON'S MAGAZINE stands unrivalled.

Mr. Allen, only his presence was needed in the village for a day or two more.

Punctually to time the train steamed into the station. There being only a few passengers, Allen had to hurry for his carriage but was successful in finding an empty compartment.

A hurried kiss, a good-bye, and the train was off.

Mr. Allen had provided himself with plenty of work to occupy him during the journey, and soon becoming absorbed in it, was unconscious of his whereabouts, until the train pulled up at Wellingham Junction.

The porters were calling out "Take your seats," and all was bustle and commotion, when a handsomely dressed woman entered the compartment wherein sat Mr. Allen. This rather disconcerted him, for, like most literary men, he smoked heavily. The lady, however, did not look like one likely to object, so Allen went on with his work. The train was again in motion, when the door was suddenly opened, and an elderly gentleman stumbled in.

"By Jove, a near squeak, eh?" he exclaimed between gasps for breath.

"Yes, you ran it rather close," replied Allen smiling, as the elderly gentleman mopped his head.

By-and-by, the elderly gentleman having recovered his breath remarked to Allen:

"Excuse me, sir, but you are ruining your eyes writing in an express train."

"Oh! I'm only going over a few sheets that require pruning," laughed Allen.

"Ah, you should be careful. See how careful I am!"

He thereupon opened a brief bag, and produced a bundle of illustrated papers and magazines, offered one to the lady passenger, which she accepted with a bow, and began reading himself.

Allen laughed at this comical old chap, but was soon deeply engrossed with his work again, and all was silent, save for the whirr and shriek of the wheels of the train.

Suddenly, and without any warning, the elderly gentleman stood up, covered Allen with a revolver, and demanded the diamond.

"Don't move, my good sir, or you'll find yourself perforated with a chunk of lead, and you, madam, had better keep quiet also, as the threat, I am sorry to say, must extend to you. You see, our literary friend there has in his possession a diamond worth nearly half a million of money, and we don't pick up fortunes like that every day of the week.

"Now then, sir, hurry up; I can feel the train is pulling up, and I must skip out lively, you bet. Don't get out your precious diamond hurriedly, or I may think you mean mischief, and pull this trigger. That's the ticket, slow and sure. Thank you; just place it on the seat here. I'm much obliged. Ah! the train is slowing up nicely. Give my regards to Inspector Westlock, will you, and tell him only for his untiring efforts our little gang would never have got this plum. Smith got the doctor fooled, but made a mess of it. Good evening, madam."

All smiles and contentment, the elderly man got ready to "skip." The train was running into the station, and still covering Allen, he dropped the window and tried to open the door, but it was stiff, and necessitated his stooping awkwardly, and, of course, removing his "bead" from Allen. The handle went click, and when the elderly gentleman looked round, his face was a picture.

"Move, and you're dead," said in a voice that unmistakably meant it.

To Allen's utter astonishment it was the lady passenger, who was standing and levelling two businesslike revolvers at the elderly gentleman.

"Drop that revolver on the floor before I count five, or I fire. One, two, three, four——."

The revolver was dropped on the carriage floor.

The lady passenger thereupon walked up to the man, one revolver dead set all the time, and calmly slipped the "clips" just as the train came to a standstill.

The man was walked off into custody, the lady and Allen following.

"You don't recognise me, Mr. Allen?" the lady asked.

"No—I'm sure I don't."

"My name is Westlock—John Westlock."

"Well!" was all Mr. Allen could say.

"Yes, sir, I got my clue the day but one before yesterday. I saw our gent there, but he didn't spot me in the togs of a farm labourer. The rest was easy, although I should like to find out who Smith really was."

Mr. Clayton, the eminent scientist, was for once wrong. The Allen diamond was valued in Hatton Garden as worth the sum of fivepence.

"How neatly young Mr. Crumpets took down that fiery old Bigsby."

"I didn't hear him."

"Hear him? Of course not. He took him down in shorthand."

"TELL your mother, Johnny," said his kind maiden aunt, as she placed a piece of cake in his hand, "that I was very sorry your sister couldn't come."

"And what shall I say," replied little Johnny, with an air of strategy, "if mamma asks me where is sister's piece of cake?"

"DOES he offer any proofs of his affection?" asked a father.

"Proof!" exclaimed the beautiful girl. "Well, I should say so. Why, he says that I have set his heart afire, and it has been burning so that it has lit the cigars he carries in his waistcoat pocket."

"But the proof?"

"He showed me the half-burnt cigars."

Misunderstood.

"THAT was my Cousin George I was out driving with yesterday afternoon. You ought to see him manage a team. He is the most expert driver with one hand I ever saw."

"Drove with one hand, did he, Miss Julia? I think I understand."

"Sir! He talked to me with the other one. He is deaf and dumb."

Compulsory Work.

"WHY, Jones, what a stranger you are. Where have you been so long?"

"I haven't been able to be out for the last two years. You see the party for whom I have been working does not think it proper to allow his workmen outside the building."

"A grinding monopoly. No wonder you left them. For whom were you working?"

"For the State."

"Oh, good-bye."

He Wanted a Rest.

"DON'T you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Hammersmith Sunday-school teacher of the new scholar.

"No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow.

"And why not, Tommy?"

"Oh, when I die I want to go where a fellow can rest."

"Well, my boy, you can rest there."

"But in that song we sung it said we'd all shine there. I get enough of that here—I'm a shoeblack, mum."

Not the Reason.

MR. LOCKER was at dinner, and a servant-boy, lately engaged, was handing him a tray of liqueurs in different-sized glasses. Being in the middle of an anecdote to his neighbour, he mechanically held out his hand towards the tray, but, as people often do when they are thinking of something else, he did not take a glass.

The boy thought he was hesitating which liqueur he would have, and, like a good little fellow, wishing to help his master, he pointed to one particular glass, and whispered:

"That's the fullest, sir!"

A Light Meal.

A RATHER seedy-looking customer went into a restaurant and asked to see the proprietor, who was summoned to appear.

"What do you ask for a nicely-cooked beefsteak, well done, with onions?"

"One shilling."

"And the gravy?"

"Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy."

"You don't; that's liberal. How much do you charge for bread?"

"We throw in the bread."

"Is it good bread?"

"It is."

"So you throw in bread and gravy?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me some bread and gravy. It is not healthy to eat meat this hot weather."

Those Advertisements Again.

THE other morning a man received a letter. On opening it out dropped a draft for £2,000, and his heart stopped beating as he read the letter and saw it was from Melbourne, and signed: "Your unnatural but penitent Uncle."

He gave a wild shriek of exultation, and sank senseless to the ground. When he revived, he rushed to the nearest shops, and couldn't wait until the bank opened, but ran about buying new furniture, new clothes, new carpets, glass, bonnets for his wife and dresses for his girls, and half-crown drinks for himself.

When nine o'clock came, and he entered the bank, he found a man there inside the window who was sufficiently composed to read the draft through with an equal mind, and explained that he could not pay £2,000 on it, because it was merely an advertisement of Diffendorfer's Peripatetic Pain Annihilator.

It took that man until six o'clock in the evening to countermand the orders he had given before nine o'clock a.m., and then he forgot half of them, and his wife had to stand at the front gate all the afternoon, turning away delivery waggons that came backing up to the pavement with new things.

A BEQUEST OF £2,000,000 A YEAR.

SOME OVER-SMART SCHEMES TO DODGE THE DEATH DUTIES.

SOME individuals have curious ideas as to what constitutes a good joke, and they consider it fine fun to make bogus bequests. In a north country town there lived, a few years ago, a tradesman who was reputed to be very wealthy. As he was without any lineal descendant, he was fawned upon by all classes of people.

On his death a number of individuals were elated by finding their names in the old man's will, as heirs to handsome bequests. One young lady was especially joyful at finding that a splendid property had been left to her, and she immediately plunged into what she would have considered great extravagance had she incurred the expenses before hearing the good news.

Her bitter disappointment can be imagined when she found the property had long ceased to be the tradesman's.

She was not alone, for the other bequests were equally bogus. The sly individual had been living for many years on his reputation for being a wealthy man.

There is an instance where a wealthy gentleman gave everything he possessed to his wife, hoping in this way to save the payment of the duties payable on his death. He was an old man, while his wife was very young, it thus seemed that on his death no duty would be payable, as his wife would already have full possession of his wealth.

Unfortunately for the success of this plan the young wife died first. It therefore seemed that the old husband would have to pay duty on his own estate. However, the case was even worse, for she had not made a will in his favour.

She had acted upon the same principle as the husband, and had taken it for granted that he would be first to die. Accordingly she had bequeathed all her fortune to a former lover.

By his cleverness, the husband found himself in the unenviable position of being penniless. However, the young recipient of the fortune was not without principle, and he allowed the old man to have the use of the money during his life.

Probably the most interesting bequest ever made was that of Peter Thellusson. This gentleman left his enormous fortune to his descendants subject to a very remarkable condition. This condition was that the property should not be disposed of during the lives of his children and his grandchildren, but that all the profits should be allowed to accumulate, and should be laid out in landed estates. Then he considered it would amount to the biggest fortune ever left by any individual.

An estimate was made that in the shortest possible period the amount of money to be divided would amount to the colossal sum of £27,182,000. It was also estimated that in seventy-five years after Thellusson's death the income would amount to nearly £2,000,000 a year. A very comfortable income in the case of only one descendant.

On Thellusson's death his family disputed the will, and carried the case to the House of Lords. However, the will was affirmed. It was recognised that the making of such remarkable wills was a danger to the commonweal. Accordingly an Act of Parliament was framed, and obtained a place in the Statute Book, by which similar accumulations were made illegal in future, subject to a limit of twenty-five years.

On the death of the last grandson, which occurred in 1856, further litigation was occasioned. The question to be decided was whether the accumulated fortune should go to the eldest great-grandson, or to the grandson of the eldest son. It was decided by the House of Appeal that the latter should inherit.

However, the fortunate great-grandson did not receive anything like the estimated sum of £27,182,000. He only received the comparatively moderate sum of £600,000. Going to law is an expensive luxury, and the maw of the Court of Chancery is very capacious, as the litigants found out. Hence the failure of Peter Thellusson's plan.

A very interesting case of attempt to avoid payment of the new death duties has recently come to light. A Yorkshireman who could not bear the thought of the State claiming a share of his earnings, gave his property to his wife.

The wife was the first to die, and she bequeathed the estate to a favourite son, who, of course, had to pay the duty on the passing of the property. Not long after he died and left the property to his elder brother, and another payment of duty became necessary in consequence.

This brother was now the only existing child of the maker of the little fortune, and as he was weak and sickly his father induced him to make a gift of the estate to the father. In a few weeks the son died, and, according to the regulations of the Finance Act, the father had to pay a heavy duty. Instead of the property escaping duty, it has had to pay three calls, and the father is now in his original position, with the exception that his savings are much diminished by his cleverness.

During the summer, a paper pattern, with directions for cutting out and making, will be presented gratis with HOME NOTES every alternate week.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5138. Which was the First Ladies' Club in England?

Horace Walpole mentions a female coterie formed about 1770 by certain ladies of fashion in London, who, having established what was practically a ladies' club, extended the privilege of admission to gentlemen whose names they approved. Its assembly room became a favourite resort for fashionable wits of the day, and its late suppers, followed by social gossip, faro, and card-playing, formed the subject of several contemporary satirical prints preserved in the British Museum. Of clubs for the exclusive use of ladies, the oldest is the Somerville, in Oxford Street, which was established in 1878. The Alexandra, exclusively for ladies of high position, dates back to 1884, and the University Club in Madox Street was formed in 1887.

5141. Which Historical Novel Presents the Finest Picture of the Period which it Describes?

This is one of those questions which can only be answered, as it were, in the comparative degree, because many novels have been written which mirror many periods of history with a practically equal degree of excellence. For instance, Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is undoubtedly the finest and most faithful description of the age of chivalry at its best in England, just as "Esmond" is incomparable as a picture of English social life in the times of Queen Anne. The life of Europe, political, social, and religious, in the Middle Ages was never so faithfully drawn as it was in "The Cloister and the Hearth," and in the same sense "Rienzi" is incomparable as regards Italy, while "Westward Ho" stands unapproached as a picture of the life and genius of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." Going back to ancient history, Georg Ebers' "Uarda" and "An Egyptian Princess" bring back the life of old Egypt with unapproachable fidelity, while Flaubert's "Salammbo" is an equally incomparable picture of Carthaginian life and manners. To single out any one of these as the best would be a task from which any critic would shrink provided that he had to justify his opinions, and hence the most satisfactory answer to the question would probably be that each of these is the best of its kind and period.

5142. Which Shipwreck has Probably had the Greatest Effect upon the History of the World?

Of individual shipwrecks perhaps the most important in its after effects was that of the *White Ship*, in which Prince William, the only son of Henry I., was lost. His death not only made possible the long and devastating Civil War between the adherents of Stephen and Matilda, but it also made inevitable the Plantagenet dynasty, and hence that unavoidable interference in European affairs which has justified the saying that "the history of England is the history of the world," and, since it altered the history of England, it must have had a great effect upon that of the world. It is a common but erroneous belief that the Spanish Armada was only prevented by storm and tempest from conquering England. The fact is that the Armada was saved four times from destruction by changes of wind, and if the wind had not shifted to the south-east after the Battle of Gravelines, nothing but a miracle could have saved a single Spanish ship from shipwreck on the Flemish sands. Still, there is no doubt but that the storms which the Armada encountered after this prevented anything like a rally, and partial invasions in Scotland or Ireland which might have had very serious results. The second Armada of 1597 was entirely defeated by the elements, and never reached England at all. One-third of its ships were wrecked before it got back. In another sense the wreck of the vessel which brought the witnesses of the Judaising party against St. Paul when he was first imprisoned in Rome, had very far-reaching effects. Their testimony would probably have secured the execution of "the Apostle of the Gentiles," and if this had happened, the history of Christendom might have been altered.

5143. Which was the First Newspaper to Introduce "Leaders" into its Columns?

The earliest newspapers gave news only, without comment. The first leader in newspaper history was contained in the (London) MODERATE of Tuesday, December 12th, 1648 (No. 22), where, after references to David succeeding Saul to the exclusion of Ishbosheth, and to various other instances in sacred and profane history of persons ascending the throne without regard to hereditary claims, the writer comes to the conclusion that the reign of monarchs depends upon the authority of the commonwealth. The article is temperate in tone, and is entirely free from the personalities and abuse characteristic of later journalism. But this is only an isolated instance. The first paper which made it a practice to enter upon the controversies of the time with dignity and deliberation was THE COMPLEATE INTELLIGENCER AND RESOLVER, "In two parts. The first giving intelligence of the state of the three kingdoms. The other, resolving doubts in the present differences." In the third issue (November 14th, 1643) we have such questions resolved as the following: "Whether may it not be one cause of the trouble of this kingdome, that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud) hath not been tryed yet? Whether hath he not deserved to suffer?" Both questions are argued and answered in the affirmative. "The sparing of him hath been a great provocation to Heaven." During the time of the first French Revolution leading articles were printed by the CAMBRIDGE JOURNAL, and in 1801 the LEEDS MERCURY began their regular publication.

5144. What is the Longest Continuous Run ever Made by an Open Boat Full of Men?

That of Lieutenant Bligh and those of his crew who were cast adrift by the mutineers of the *Bounty* is the best known, but their voyage of 3,618 miles in forty-two days was not actually continuous, for they touched at more than one point of desert land on the way. William Bryant, a convict, his wife, two children, and five other convicts escaped from Sydney, N.S.W., in an open boat and coasted along the entire eastern side of Australia, through Torres Straits to Timor, but they also touched here and there. Another extraordinary similar case was that of the survivors of the *Pandora*, frigate—sent in chase of the *Bounty* mutineers, and wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef—who, ninety-six in number, and in four boats, sailed continuously from August 28th to September 16th, 1791, until they reached Timor. Even now French convicts escape in open boats to the same coast on which the *Pandora* was lost from New Caledonia, almost 1,000 miles distant. In 1855 Dr. Cane and his party, after abandoning the *Advance* in the Arctic, made a boat voyage of eighty-four days duration to the Danish settlements in South Greenland.

5145. At what Period did the Women of England Dress Most Beautifully?

In the seventeenth century. That period marked the natural revulsion and inevitable reaction from the Tudor practice of using padding and whalebone, and of wearing ruffs and farthingales. The extent of the transformation is measured by the contrast between the starched rigidity and grotesque exaggeration that characterised ladies' costume in the court of Elizabeth and the alluring charm and graceful simplicity of female attire in the Courts of Charles I. and Charles II. Then for half a century female dress followed the canons of beauty and displayed the grace of the antique without its severity. Soft fichu of muslin and lace took the place of the ruff and starched stomacher, and dresses were made to set off the natural beauty of form and figure, as is abundantly illustrated on the canvases of Vandyke, Lely, Huysman, and other artists. There was no court in Europe that could show such a galaxy of beauties as that of the Merry Monarch, nor were the beautiful women of England ever seen in more bewitching and exquisitely designed costumes.

5146. Which Animal could be most Advantageously Bred in England to a Greater Extent than it is at Present?

All things considered, the answer would probably be the pig. With the exception of the rabbit, which, in view of the enormous importations from Belgium and other parts of the Continent, might well be bred for food, the pig is the cheapest and most easily raised of all food animals. There is no reason why the pork, hams, bacon, skins, etc., which come in such vast quantities from America should not be raised at a good profit in the United Kingdom, if the work were scientifically undertaken. For draught purposes the most profitable animal would undoubtedly be the mule. By careful breeding, mules can be produced which are superior to horses in endurance, much less susceptible to disease, and far cheaper to maintain. This is proved by the fact that in countries such as South America, Africa, and parts of India, mules can live and do work under conditions to which horses speedily succumb.

5147. What is the Reason of the Hissing in the Large Electric Arc Lamps?

The reason of the hissing of an electric arc may be caused by several minor conditions, and many theories have been advanced to account for it, but the accepted one is that the voltage or pressure at the lamp terminals is not sufficient to overcome the resistance of the arc, and so is unable to cause perfect volatilisation of the carbon. When an electric arc is burning, there is a counter or opposing electro-motive force set up, which is caused by the volatilisation of the carbon, which this counter force tends to push against the primary current supplied to light the arc. If the primary electro-motive force be not sufficient to totally overcome this opposing force, the unsteady and hissing arc is bound to follow. Again, the carbon pencils touch each other until the current is switched on, when by the mechanism of the lamp they are moved apart so forming the arc. If the pressure or voltage be fluctuating a constant jumping or "pumping" ensues, producing just the same effect. In alternating current lamps there is always a loud, humming noise which must not be mistaken for hissing—this hum is pitched in unison with the hum of the generator, and is caused by the reversals of current that take place at the generating alternator.

5150. Which Period of History was Pre-eminently the Age of Monopoly?

The history of monopolies is meagre until the Middle Ages when, according to Hallam, the trading companies possessed either a positive or a virtual monopoly, and held the keys of those Eastern regions for the luxuries of which the progressive refinement of manners produced an increasing demand. Home industries, too, were monopolised by individuals who had started them, or by committees possessing special facilities for carrying them on; and in addition to these were the monopolies increasingly granted by sovereigns to benefit their treasuries, to strengthen the loyalty, or to reward the services of their courtiers. Multiplied in these various ways, monopolies became specially burdensome in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, reaching a climax here under Elizabeth, when as a result many of the commonest necessaries of life reached prohibitive prices. The Queen found herself obliged to cancel many monopolies in 1601, and when James I. resorted to the practice of granting more public indignation was again roused. By this time the country had decided to abolish them, and in 1609 the King was obliged to revoke all he had granted. Further legislation on the subject was found necessary, and the Statute of Monopolies was passed in 1624. Charles I. attempted to revive the system, but without any real success.

QUESTIONS.

5171. Is it probable that any one man knows every English word?
5172. Of which two countries could the inhabitants exchange territories with the greatest mutual advantage?
5173. Between which two modern nations is there the least real cause for enmity?
5174. In which country has the succession to the throne changed most frequently?
5175. Where are men required to stay indoors at certain hours when the women only are allowed out?
5176. In what country is it the custom for a man to offer the use of his property to a mother whose daughter he wants to marry?
5177. On what lake can a calm and a storm be found at the same time?
5178. Where does moss over a foot in thickness grow on the ice?
5179. Which is the most northerly garrison in the British Empire?
5180. Who made the first voyage to the Malayan Archipelago for the purpose of trading?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"COOKS," said the suburbanite, "may be divided into two classes—those who resent criticism and those who ignore it."

HE: "So far, dear, our married life has been 'one grand, sweet song.'"
"Yes, darling; in A flat."

BEGGAR: "Please, sir, will you lend me a penny to get something to eat?"
Gentleman: "You've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?"
Beggar: "That's to tip the waiter."

AMATEUR SOPRANO: "It's too mean of you! That dog of yours howls every time I sing."
Neighbour: "I'm very sorry, mum."
"Why don't you stop him?"
"You see, mum, we didn't know it was that way."
"What way?"
"We thought, mum, that you was tryin' to spite us by singin' every time he howled."

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You will be fascinated by the article which Mr. J. G. Millais, F.Z.S., has written and illustrated in the August PEARSON'S on "How Animals Swim." Mr. Millais has made a special study of the behaviour of animals in water.

HOUSEBREAKERS WHOSE WORK IS LEGAL.

MANY BIG FORTUNES ARE BUILT UP BY PULLING DOWN OLD BUILDINGS.

THE business of pulling old houses down and separating them into their component parts is in all great cities a big and flourishing one. Several men indeed have found fortunes in it. That may be easily understood when one knows that £400 is an outside price for any structure, however costly, about to be demolished, and that after it is demolished everything about it is sold again, except the mortar between the bricks and the plaster upon the walls.

All sorts and conditions of men come to buy of the second-hand dealer. For he buys not only whole houses, but all manner of interior fittings. At one big city yard they tell a story of a set of shelves and counters that went in and out of the establishment six times, and upon what ought to have been the lucky seventh exit, got themselves burnt up.

The owner of the yard had a yearly contract with the men who did the finest building in the city, to save them all sound beams, joists, newel posts and solid mahogany timbers of such and such dimensions.

The fine builders know, as do all men wise in timber, that wood can in no way be so well seasoned as by years of use. The longer the use the better, provided only that the wood be kept under cover and protected from wear.

A floor beam, for example, that has been down seventy years is worth five times as much as a similar beam fresh from the woods. It will not warp under any conditions short of fire, nor creak nor bend. Moreover, by use there seems to be wrought an unaccountable change in fibre. To understand it you have but to listen to a blow struck upon such a beam in contrast to the note of one green or steam seasoned. The old timber gives a thin, clear note, wholly musical, whereas the green beam's voice is hoarse and harsh, and the steam-dried one as flat and inelastic as the steam-dried wood itself.

It is this resilient resonance which sets the makers of musical instruments next to the master-builders among customers for second-hand timber. They buy all planks and beams sawed from apple and pear stock, all very old, clear spruce, and occasionally old foreign hardwoods.

This particular yard covers a very large area and is a model of orderly confusion. The head clerk can tell you in a minute if any particular thing is in stock—and it must be a very unusual thing in stone, or wood, or iron, that is not. You may buy a bronze knocker a hundred years old, or a bit of fancy stained pine, smelling still of the shop.

At one side five hundred marble mantels stand like monuments to dead homes. Over against them you see half an acre of doors, windows and half-glass office partitions.

In the middle there are huge piles of brick and stone, even although it is the yard's settled policy to sell brick as fast as bought so as to make one handling serve. Tiles, flagging, gas piping, gas fixtures in multitude, bath tubs, and what not, fill a large space.

On beyond them you find the most interesting things of all; old fan-lighted mahogany doors, mahogany sideboards built into the walls of ancient merchant princes, mahogany and rose-wood wainscot from the same sort of houses, beautiful solid hardwood stair-rails and newel posts often curiously carved. It is no wonder at all that the thrifty men who manufacture antiques come here for raw material. It is further satisfactory to know that they pay roundly for what they get.

There is method in the madness of pulling down a house. If it is of stone, each block is numbered indelibly before removal. This is for the seller's benefit quite as much as for that of the prospective buyer. He may have to dispose of the stones piece-meal, and does not care to risk having half the blocks left on his hands, mismatched and unmerchantable. It is the same with doors, windows, and blinds; component parts are numbered to correspond.

With plate glass windows care is taken to prevent breakage. Ordinary window glass is commonly shattered before it reaches the yard. Destruction no less than construction requires special appliances and special knowledge. That it is so safely and so swiftly accomplished is among the continuing marvels of metropolitan life.

CAN YOU TELL A FUNNY STORY?

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give his contributors fair return for contributing them.

All attempts, however, must be the original work of the sender. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a book, selected by himself, or a stereoscope, or a pencil case, or penknife, whichever may be chosen. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published in the four weeks in August will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

My Crime.

SHE lay before me dead;
  And can I say my hard heart felt no sadness
To see her lithesome form all still, and know the thread
  Of her sweet life, by frenzied madness,
Was cut off?

I tried to feel some grief,
  But in my sordid soul no feeling lay;
My brutish heart felt numb save for relief;
  And had she been alive, I'd gladly slay
Her yet again.

Yet could I hear her sing
  Gaily at break of dawn, and through the day;
But now the gladsome voice is hushed. The echoes ring
  Not with its shrill, delightful lay
Of liquid sweetness.

Oft when she lingered near,
  Kissing my cheek, my closed eyes, my hair.
I restless turned from her caress with horrid leer;
  And made a solemn vow her life to spare
No longer.

This is my crime, and I will tell no lie;
I killed that hateful, early morning fly.

The Dog-skin Wouldn't Go Round.

HUNGARY swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Buda-Pesth was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but, either from lack of parts or the necessary application, he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty-handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—*kutya-ber* ("dog-skin")—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on *kutya-ber?*" asked the old man.

ambition of the Breton and the Irish peasant to make

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough *kutya-ber* to make diplomas for us all."

"Look in the Tool Bag."

RIDING home in company with a few friends recently we had just reached the top of a good stiff hill when we came upon a young lady seated by the roadside, whose appearance betokened trouble.

Dismounting, we found that she had not long before had a spill, and having taken a longer ride than she was really capable of, this fact, combined with the hard running of her cycle, had thoroughly disheartened her.

The hard running was soon accounted for—the back tyre was not more than half inflated, so one of my friends got his pump and commenced operations on the tyre.

After a few strokes he found but little improvement, and looking at the girl, said:

"Do you think you've got a puncture?"

"I expect so," replied the girl with the utmost simplicity: "look in the tool bag; the man said everything was there that I should want!"

With the utmost difficulty we repressed a hearty laugh, but having mended a couple of punctures, and put her cycle right in one or two other respects, we rode off, and, when out of earshot, enjoyed the joke to our hearts' content.

"THIS is truly a spiral flight," remarked a young lady to her escort as they slowly climbed toward the top of a high tower.

"Rather per-spiral, I would call it," he replied as he mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"I GIVE it up," said Mr. Newrich as he put on his hat. "I'm not going to stay here to be harrowed by false alarms any longer."

"What's the matter?"

"I can't tell whether Dolly is practising an aria from a grand opera or whether she has seen a mouse and is scared."

UNCLE (to nephew playing the game of war with a companion of his own age): "If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour, I'll give you sixpence."

Youngster (a minute later): "Uncle, the fortress is taken; now let me have the sixpence."

Uncle: "How did you manage it so quickly?"

Youngster: "I offered the besieged threepence, and they capitulated."

HOW NOT TO SPEND A DAY OFF.

HARD-WORKED PEOPLE WHO HATE CHANGES.

IT is strange that while some men almost positively hate the walk of life to which they are gazetted by a ruling destiny for a living, others are just as passionately devoted to theirs.

Take the habit of the 'bus driver. With whip and reins in hand, he is a perfectly happy mortal, but give him a day off and he is miserable, and he accentuates his misery by letting you see him riding on the 'bus which for that one day is not his. That's his mode of taking a holiday. It may be that use is second nature with him, and that, when you take him off his box-seat, you take him out of his natural element and put him in another which, from all appearances, proves the very opposite of a pleasurable change.

He can seldom bring himself into staying away from the yard for a day, so, though he is having a day off, he rides on his 'bus.

There is a stage-door keeper attached to one of the principal London theatres who has not had a holiday for twenty-five years, for even when the theatre is closed he is still to be found within the precincts of the building on duty.

He confesses to having had one day off once upon a time because, in the opinion of the kindly manager, he was looking ill and haggard and he was prevailed upon to take a day off in the country. He took the day and also the couple of sovereigns that were given to him by his employer for spending upon himself, but he did not go off to the fresh air of the country.

He walked from his theatre to the stage-door of another, and spent the whole of the day in the company of the doorkeeper of the latter, an old friend of his.

There was a foreman porter at a Manchester terminus who never had a day off for eighteen years. As is generally known, there are always two shifts at any big railway station, early and late, but this man remained foreman of both shifts, and always refused to take the customary three days' annual leave.

Actors of every rank spend the days of their youth, and their old days, too, in the stuffy atmosphere of the theatre. If they are in employment, they work like bees in a hive behind the scenes, and when they are not acting they are to be found before the footlights sitting in the stalls or dress-circle, watching their brother and sister artistes performing on the stage.

By the same rule, you would quite expect to be told that sailors spend their free time on the water, that, like 'bus-drivers, they are presumably so infatuated with their work that they cannot leave it or its surroundings; but in the case of the sailor, however, it happens to be quite the reverse.

You will hardly ever see a sailor off duty on the water. He moves inland amongst his friends and becomes a regular land-lubber.

The clergy usually spend their free time in the same atmosphere in which they pass their working hours, except in cases where the reverend gentleman is married, when he becomes, of course, subject to his wife; but an unmarried clergyman usually spends his day off as he spends his working days, namely, in the atmosphere of ecclesiastical buildings.

There was recently a sacristan attached to a noted West-end church, who made no difference between his days off duty and his working days for twenty-three years. But he changed the venue of the locality. On his days off he went to assist his friend, the sacristan of a neighbouring church, then returned to his own work again, apparently none the worse for his holiday.

For all those years that gentleman worked without a day's rest, and he never complained of feeling unwell, which he put down to his vegetarian habit of living. He is now a missionary in Borneo.

There is always something specially attractive about the appearance of a locomotive in the opinion of the man in the street, but how this appeals to a man who spends many hours daily on the footplate driving her no one but a driver can say; hence it is not a little surprising to hear one of his craft declare that many engine-drivers, like 'bus-drivers, derive much pleasure in spending their time off, if not actually riding on engines, certainly in the company of their idols, upon which they devote great care and affection.

Engine-drivers cling to their engines and bestow such an amount of affection upon them as to make the outsider think that they are ever loath to leave them, which is a fact.

When publicans take it into their heads to have a day off it is a no less remarkable fact that this freedom from duty behind the bar means in nine cases out of ten the day being spent before the bar in their brother publicans' houses, while domestic servants divide their time between swains and their own friends in service in various parts, with whom they take tea on their days out.

This sticking to one's own particular groove, and the apparent difficulty of getting out of it, is derived mainly from force of habit, and perhaps you have noticed ere this that the offenders enumerated in this article are those whose hours of labour are particularly long, people who work from twelve to perhaps sixteen hours a day.

When you are hot, read the article entitled "Icebergs" in the August PEARSON'S. This deliciously cool subject is treated in the most interesting manner, while never before have such superb photographs of icebergs been published.

NO HANDCUFFS YET MADE CAN HOLD HOUDINI.

If Jack Sheppard were alive to-day he would bow low to Mr. Houdini, who is known as the "King of Handcuffs," and who has an enviable reputation with the police. There is not a handcuff in existence—or, at least, a handcuff has never been produced—which can baffle the efforts of this mystifying gentleman. It is open for anybody to produce an "iron" to hold Houdini, and, if successful, the inventor or owner will receive a goodly sum of money for dethroning the "King."

An open challenge has been in existence for some considerable time, and many attempts have been made to secure the money, but all have failed.

In America—Mr. Houdini is an American—they take a great deal more interest in handcuffs than we do in England, some of their hand-manacles being quite pretty and delicate in their construction—but strong withal. One American gentleman invented a new cuff, and offered £200 to anybody who could get out of it. Houdini took the money.

There are always plenty of sceptics about ready to cast doubt upon the genuineness of any phenomenal performance. There are also any number of people who invariably can and do tell you at once how a thing is done, even before they have seen it. It is, therefore, not surprising to know that there have been many contradictory explanations of Houdini's "secret" put forward by irresponsible authorities, mostly of a "so simple, you know," kind.

At one time he is credited with a confederate, at another he has a lock-pick secreted about his person. He also has, on the same authorities,

DOUBLE-JOINTED FINGERS,

he is boneless, or he has a patent contracting wrist. Perhaps the strangest of all versions, though, is that he mesmerises his audience, and thereby produces a sort of "you see, and yet you don't see" effect.

We are as competent as most people, and more so than many, to speak upon Houdini's performance. We have watched it at close quarters, have seen him put to the severest possible tests, and have myself manacled him. In the first place he does not slip the cuffs, that would not be skilful, it would be merely a physical effort; he undoes them without unlocking them! That is to say the lock remains as it was when snapped upon his wrists, and a turn of the key is necessary before it can again be closed. How it is done is a complete mystery.

P.W. first met Houdini in San Francisco, where he was put to some of the tests already referred to. The "King of Handcuffs" has a great fancy for baffling police authorities, and at the headquarters of the San Francisco Police Department, he one day submitted himself to undergo an exhaustive trial. Many police officials were present, including a surgeon and the superintendent of the insane ward. He was kept in complete ignorance as to what the nature of the tests would be.

First he was tried with a variety of handcuffs, ancient and modern, which were all placed upon his wrists by a police officer. He retired to a room after each operation—to perform where he stood would, of course, be to "give the game away"—and generally returned under two minutes, released. Next his wrists were secured with two pairs of handcuffs,

LEG-IRONS PLACED ON HIS ANKLES,

and his wrists further handcuffed to his ankles, so that he was all huddled up, bound hand and foot. Thus he was shut in a room by himself, from which he emerged in less than five minutes, entirely free.

He was next asked if he were willing to release himself without going out of sight. To this he consented, provided he was able to do it behind his back, with a screen placed at the back and sides. This was arranged, and manacled hand and foot in the same manner as before—with the exception that this time his hands were fastened behind his back, and he occupied a kneeling position—he proceeded to release himself before the eyes of his judges. One after another the handcuffs and irons were produced from behind, open, till in about five minutes he was able to rise to his feet unfettered. It was a marvellous achievement, and completely dumfounded the police officials.

To further illustrate his wonderful skill he had his hands fastened behind his back, his coat being on. He retired to the room, and returned in a few seconds without his coat, but his hands still fastened. He again retired, and returned wearing his coat, his hands as before. This time the cuffs were removed in the orthodox manner.

Then came the severest test of all, the severest that could be adopted, and one calculated to definitely settle whether Houdini was entitled to be considered a monarch of manacles or not.

In a performance of this description there is always the possibility of concealed implements, which would render the feats easy of accomplishment, so Houdini was divested of all his clothes and narrowly examined by the police surgeon. Ears, eyes, nose, mouth, toes were all scrutinised for hidden keys or other instruments, but nothing was discovered.

Then his mouth was sealed up with adhesive plaster, and the seal marked. Next he was heavily shackled with cuffs and leg-irons, of various patterns, placed upon him by the officers present, his wrists being further secured to the fetters on his feet. Thus he was carried into a room about which he knew nothing, and which was decided upon only at the last moment, having first been thoroughly searched.

In less than ten minutes Houdini walked out of the room, freed of his manacles, none of which had been slipped, but all unfastened in the same mysterious manner as before.

Then they proceeded to secure him in an insane belt and a straight jacket, but the result was the same, he removed them without injury to either locks or straps.

The police were completely baffled, and confessed it. Similar tests were tried in Providence, Memphis, Nashville, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, and Omaha, in all of which the "King" kept his crown.

Such is the impression made upon the police of America by Houdini that when at Minnesota on one occasion a prisoner made his escape with handcuffs upon his wrists, the authorities suspected that the latter would seek out the "King of Handcuffs," who was then in the town, and induce him to remove his manacles. So they kept Houdini closely shadowed all the time

THE PRISONER WAS AT LARGE.

Directly Houdini arrived in England, he proceeded to wait on the police and invite their tests. To Bow Street and New Scotland Yard he went, and asked them to handcuff him. They obliged him, and he obliged them in return—obliged them to look astonished and confess they were. They could not produce a handcuff that would hold him, and they tried.

They ransacked their museums and searched their mental archives, all to no purpose. Once or twice they thought they had fixed him, when they raked up old and obsolete "irons"; but their triumph was short-lived. The time occupied was a little longer, but the result was the same.

Houdini was formerly a conjurer, but gave that up for the handcuff business, as there was more money in the latter. He first discovered his "secret" when somebody playfully handcuffed him, and bet him he could not release himself. Being naturally

AN ENTERPRISING MAN,

and not averse to taking current coin of the realm, he set his wits to work—very sharp wits too, you may imagine—and succeeded in finding a way out. Having an astute mind, he was not slow to perceive the commercial value of his accomplishment, so quickly took on imperialism. It has paid.

To prove that Houdini is skilful in more directions than one, let us describe a "trunk trick" which he performs.

Items: A large trunk, heavily clamped, fitted with four or five locks in front, and running on castors; a length of stout rope; a long, black sack; some string and sealing-wax; a tent, with curtain in front; Houdini, and a female assistant.

Performance: The black sack is in the trunk, which has been thoroughly examined. Houdini steps into the sack, which is pulled over his head, tied with string at the top, and sealed with wax. He doubles himself up in the trunk, which is closed, locked in four or five places, securely roped, run into the tent and the curtain drawn. The lady assistant, standing outside speaks a few words, then dashes into the tent, closing the curtain behind her. Almost simultaneously Houdini rushes out in his shirt sleeves, the trunk is drawn out, unlocked, unroped, the lid raised, and a figure in the black sack rises from the interior. The seal is found to be intact, the string is cut, and out steps the lady assistant!

He: "If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?"

She: "I encourage you?"

He: "For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre."

She: "That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theatre."

Jingle: "I knew that fellow Storms, the comedian, would come to the front."

Weller: "And he has, has he?"

"Yes. You remember he used to play the part of the hind legs of the elephant in the pantomime?"

"Yes."

"Well, now he's playing the front legs."

A young man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said:

"Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'taint," said Sis.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then, why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

Drawing the Dinner Beer.

A gentleman suspected his servant girl of pilfering the beer in the cellar. He therefore concealed himself behind the cask to watch her when she came down to draw beer for dinner.

The girl discovered the trap laid for her, and, without taking any more than the amount required, went away chuckling to herself. As she departed she locked the cellar door and then went out with the cook to market in high glee.

As his wife had gone out visiting, and the children had gone to school, the unfortunate master of the house had to spend two whole hours in the damp cellar, fuming with rage and shivering with cold, until the maids on their return "accidentally" discovered him and opened the door.

Not Equal.

A young officer, having quarrelled with a corn merchant in a club at Bordeaux, sent him his seconds on the following day.

"Gentlemen," said the corn merchant, "I am quite willing to fight a duel with the lieutenant, but I do not think our risks are equal. He is a bachelor, and I have three children. When he has as many children as I have, I shall be at his disposal."

A man in the neighbourhood had a pretty daughter. The lieutenant immediately courted, obtained her parents' consent, and married her. In due course he was presented with a boy, and subsequently with a daughter. At last, to his great joy, a third child was born.

He lost no time in calling on the corn merchant.

"Well," said he in a triumphant tone, "we can fight now; I have three children."

"Ah!" retorted his antagonist, a big smile illuminating his features, "but I have five!"

A Police-court Incident.

There is in a certain northern town a solicitor whose stature is by no means imposing. This is the more important as in other respects he is a very clever and eloquent pleader.

Only the other day he had good reason to regret his lack of inches, and to sigh for the burly proportions of a Lifeguardsman.

Owing to illness, the local Recorder was unable to take the business as usual, and a brother Judge officiated in his stead.

Our friend the solicitor, whom we will call Mr. Short, was engaged in the first case. He had not addressed half-a-dozen words to the court, however, before he became aware that something was wrong.

The judge was leaning forward and glaring over his spectacles at the diminutive solicitor in a manner calculated to upset the nerves of a bigger man than he.

For some minutes Mr. Short struggled gallantly on, but there was no withstanding that gaze of outraged dignity, and eventually the solicitor was vanquished.

"How dare you, sir?" roared the judge at this juncture, frowning across the table at the unfortunate solicitor. "How dare you address the court without rising?"

This was very hard on Mr. Short, who had been on his feet the whole of the time. However, when the laughter had subsided and the judge had realised his error, he apologised, and Mr. Short proceeded with such effect that he won his case.

Served Him Right.

A young lieutenant in a cavalry regiment fell violently in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant. But he soon became indifferent to the lady's charms, and when his regiment was ordered for a term of service to the East, he was so ungallant as to leave her without any explanations.

When a short period had elapsed, the officer returned home with more dust than medals on his coat, and soon after he landed was present at a dinner and a ball where his quondam lady-love was among the daintiest of the beauties. They danced together, and she showed no resentment on the score of past unfaithfulness. After much pressing, the lady gave the officer an appointment at a certain church near her father's house, which had been their trysting-place in former days.

The young officer went happily to his club, where his old friend, Major Blay, offered him a cigar.

"I met my old flame, Muriel Simson, this evening," said the new arrival from abroad, and he told his friend of the appointment she had given him.

The major expressed no surprise, but said Muriel was a good and forgiving girl—for he knew what had gone before.

The former lover went to the church on the day named, and there was a wedding. When the ceremony was over, Muriel Simson, the bride, came out of the church on the arm of Major Blay, the bridegroom!

A certain individual went home to his lodgings a sadder and, it is to be presumed, a wiser man.

The huge farms of Western America is the subject of an interesting article in the August PEARSON'S. Wonderful photographs illustrate the giant machinery used—ploughs, for instance, drawn by twelve horses, or harvesters to which thirty horses are harnessed.

DRUMMERS WHO TAKE ORDERS FOR JAM.

THE AMERICAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IS CALLED A "DRUMMER," AND HAS SOME TOUGH TIMES IN THE FAR WEST.

ACCORDING to a lady novelist, who not long ago delivered an address to commercial travellers, the works of Shakespeare contain nothing that is applicable to the "commercial," which goes to prove that, in the time of the divine William, this gentleman—so indispensable to modern trading—was an unknown quantity.

We read of certain notable people—like Voltaire—who, having an interest in some business, made use of their position to do a little "pushing," but competition gave rise to the commercial traveller as we now know him.

And as competition brought him into existence, so it has gradually altered him and the conditions under which he works. In no part of the globe can we see these effects of competition better than in the Far West.

The commercial of the Far West is colloquially known as a "drummer," probably owing to the fact that it requires a great deal of drumming on one tune to dispose of one's wares in that part of the globe. He must be ever alert, and never fail to seize an opportunity to beat the same old tune, whatever may be the inconvenience or risk to himself.

The attention of the drummer must be centred on three objects—himself, his employer, and his customer. He must put himself first, because if he does not make himself felt he will soon be shelved; the personal element enters very largely into his business, and the man who is modest about himself will not have the same chance of selling a good line.

No matter what his own feelings may be, the commercial must always have a smiling face when he enters a customer's premises; he must have a good stock of amusing stories and anecdotes, be "hail fellow," with everyone, and prepared to be all things to all men.

This is the case to a large extent in all countries where there is competition, but in the Far West it is absolutely indispensable; for there the customer takes no heed of the fact that you may have served him well for a long time, and will give his order to the first comer or to the more pleasant man, provided that the prices are equal.

This inconsistency of the customer is one of the most trying factors in the life of a commercial of the Far West. He may have enjoyed the favour of a manufacturer for years, but woe betide him if he thinks that this will give him a chance of taking things more leisurely on the road in bad weather or if he be in any way ill. When he reaches the manufacturer's office an hour or so later than usual, he will find that a more alert commercial has secured the order.

The drummer must be at his destination in time, however arduous a task he may have to perform, in order to attain his object. He must be prepared to swallow a dinner in fifteen minutes at the stopping place on the line, although the soup may be scalding hot and the meat almost as tough as a leather strop.

He must take advantage of the fact that the train stops for ten minutes or so at a small town to take up water; and during that interval he must visit the town in order to call on a customer and secure his order, and be back on the platform in time to jump on the footboard and enter a carriage as the train steams out of the station. If he doesn't visit this little town he will most probably lose business, and if he misses the train and has to wait at the station for the next one, he may take it for granted that he will do no business at the end of the journey, for his competitors will have called on his customers and gathered in the business.

Some years ago we read of certain gentlemen who had been on the road as commercials for something like half a century, but we question very much whether the Far West will ever approach this record. The wear and tear of a drummer's life is too severe. Putting aside the actual difficulties of doing a deal—the necessity for cheerfulness in all circumstances and in spite of rebuffs of all kinds, the inconstancy of the customer which makes him buy of anyone who can quote a lower price or a bigger discount, and the fatigue of travel in ordinary times—there are inconveniences and trials which are not often met with in this country.

In the Far West good hotel accommodation is rare—so rare, that when a commercial stumbles upon a good place, the word is passed round, and that hotel does good business until it gets careless and spoils its trade. In the ordinary hostelry the traveller finds a bed with a mattress that appears to be filled with cocoanuts; the meat served to him is so hard that it is difficult for him to get his teeth into it, the vegetables are badly cooked, and the liquid refreshments, whether tea or whisky, execrable. Then, in the winter, he must not be surprised if he is snowed up in the midst of an almost uninhabited tract of country. The wind blows the snow about the train at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and he has to decide between staying in the carriage, hungry and chilled, for several hours, or venturing into the snow in search of a farmhouse, at the risk of losing his life in some snowdrift, where his body will be found months afterwards when the sun has melted the snow.

PEOPLE AFRAID OF WORDS

AND OTHER SUPERSTITIONS.

The following are selected from the most curious customs sent in in connection with the competition of which the result appears on page 64.

THEY MUST ALL RIDE.

THE pit is worked out now, but the West Yorkshire colliers whose picks and shovels robbed it of its treasure had many superstitions about it.

For one thing, they deemed it unlucky to enter the pit yard on foot, and compelled every man, whether he liked it or not, to go down to his work on the "paddy" train, which ran right up to the pit-mouth. Many ludicrous anomalies resulted from this quaint belief.

One man lived within a stone's throw of the pit, and could have walked there on his head in ten minutes; yet every morning he trudged three miles to the town station and took train with his mates, knowing that they would half kill him if he didn't.

The only man who ever tried to set the superstition at defiance fell and broke his leg just outside the pit-gates, and the colliers tell you to this day that it was a judgment on him!

HE TOUCHED COLD IRON.

THE saying, "Touch cold iron," was not only used to keep away bad luck, but was commonly used by the boys in a Scotch village to clear them from blame if anything got accidentally damaged or broken in our boyish plays.

A neighbour's window got broken once—accidentally, of course—and the boys made a rush for the nearest door-knocker, scraper, or any other piece of iron handy.

One of the boys stood stock still, with his hands in his pockets quite unconcerned. The other boys, seeing this, told him he would have to take the blame, as they had all touched cold iron.

"Na, na," he said, "I'll no ha'e the blame, for I had this in my hand aw the time," and he showed them a rusty nail.

WHERE YOU MUSTN'T SAY "PIG."

WHILE the name of the minister has no terrors for the seafarers of the Tyne Harbour Boroughs, on shore or on the deep, "Pig," and "Graham" are for them unmentionable words, afloat or ashore.

In crossing the river, not long ago, I was startled by a fellow-passenger rushing wildly past me, shouting, "Touch cold iron," never ceasing till he had seized an iron bucket that stood handy.

I had unthinkingly produced a "Pig"-shaped vesta box and mentioned the name of "the gentleman that pays the rent."

As showing the aversion to "Graham," I may mention that recently a subscription in aid of a dredgerman proved a failure through the mention of the name in the announcement.

A BE-RIBBONED TREE.

A CURIOUS custom is in vogue in the vicinity of the famous battlefield, Culloden Moor.

On the first Sunday of May, huge crowds visit a spring, and each person, after refreshing himself, drops a coin into the water, and tradition says that whatever they then wish for will come to pass.

Afterwards a small rag or piece of ribbon is hung upon a tree close by, and by so doing the person's cares are supposed to leave them and remain there.

Towards the evening this tree is covered with all colours of rags, and is a quaint sight. Whatever becomes of the coins, which often consist of a goodly number of silver ones, is not known.

WHERE YOU CAN GET CAKE FREE.

THE following quaint custom has been handed down from generation to generation in the village of Ferryden, Forfarshire, and is still observed.

Babies are always christened on a Sunday, and at the morning service. The baby is generally carried by the younger sister of the mother, and the first person she meets on her way to church she hands him or her a small paper parcel, which contains a slice each of cake and cheese, and also a biscuit.

It is considered a lucky thing to be the recipient of this gift, and the artful dodges contrived by the lucky party so privileged to get in the path of the baby-carrier cause great amusement to those in the know.

WHERE THEY BURY BOOTS.

THE most peculiar instance of superstition I think I have ever come across was at the time of the trial of John Lawrie for the murder of an English tourist, of the name of Edwin Rose, on the north-west side of Goatfell, Isle of Arran, in the West Highlands.

The boots of the dead man were not forthcoming. After some demur, a constable acknowledged that he had buried the boots below high-water mark. On being questioned as to why he had done so, it turned out that there is an old Highland superstition to the effect that if a murdered man's boots are buried below high-water mark, it will "lay the ghost," and prevent it from "walking" and troubling the "guid folk" round about.

WE TELL YOU THEIR AGES!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

LORD WALSINGHAM, who celebrates his fifty-seventh birthday on July 29th, is one of the three greatest shots in the kingdom. At grouse shooting, he holds the record for the heaviest one-day bag ever secured by a single gun. On the Blubberhouse Moor in North Yorkshire, on August 30th, 1888, his lordship killed 1,070 birds by driving in the course of fourteen hours! A member of many scientific societies, Lord Walsingham is a well-known authority on butterflies, and his collection of such insects is one of the largest known.

The Lord Mayor of London during the Diamond Jubilee year will be always remembered as SIR GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, Bart., who becomes sixty years old on Sunday. Sir George created a record during his term by raising the sum of £657,000 for the Indian Famine and other funds, but it is possible that even that huge amount may have been beaten this year. It is a striking fact that Sir George's father was one of the first Jews to be Lord Mayor of London, that event having occurred in 1866.

The EARL OF MEATH, who completes his fifty-ninth year on the last day of July, is nothing if not patriotic. For several years now he has been pressing the various School Boards to hang up Union Jacks in the establishments under their charge; while he once offered £50 to buy flags for the London School Board, on condition that lectures of a patriotic character were regularly given, and that it should be made a custom to carry round the flag while the other boys sung "Rule Britannia." Such a scheme ought to be enthusiastically received now.

Tuesday will also be the fiftieth birthday of LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HERBERT CHERMSIDE, who commands the 3rd Division in South Africa. When the war broke out, he was commanding the Curragh District, and went to South Africa as major-general of the 14th Brigade. Just previous to his departure, Sir Herbert got married. A Royal Engineer, he has seen considerable service in the Near East, having taken part in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 as a military attaché. Afterwards he fought in Egypt and the Soudan.

VISCOUNT HARDINGE, whose forty-third birthday occurs on Wednesday, is the grandson of the famous General Hardinge, first viscount, who fought throughout the Peninsular War, and was wounded at Vimiera and Vittoria, who fought with Blücher at Ligny, and was again wounded, who became Viceroy of India and fought in sixteen battles of the Sikh War, and who finally succeeded his old leader, the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief. Created viscount in 1845, he was given a pension of £3,000 a year for three lives, and therefore the present peer will be the last to draw it. The first viscount was also given £5,000 a year by the old East India Company.

It would be interesting to learn to what particular country MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, claims to belong. Celebrating his forty-sixth birthday on Thursday, he was born in Italy, his father was of Irish descent and his mother was an American, he studied in the States, England, and Germany, and he has lived for the greater portion of his life in India, Turkey, and Italy! Mr. Crawford is very fond of yachting, and he holds a professional skipper's certificate from the American Shipmaster's Association. He can speak many tongues.

Sweden ought to be proud of having given birth to two such soprano singers as Jenny Lind and Madame Christine Nilsson, the latter of whom, now the COUNTESS OF MIRANDA, becomes fifty-seven on August 3rd. Just when Jenny Lind, curiously enough, was finishing her career, Madame Nilsson, in 1864, made her *début*. She was discovered in 1857 singing at a fair by a Swedish magistrate, who, good man that he was, had her educated. Madame Nilsson, born in Sweden, has married a Spanish nobleman; Madame Patti, born in Spain, has married a Swedish noble. Exchange is certainly no robbery!

The youngest peeress in her own right is the BARONESS BEAUMONT, who, on August 1st, celebrates her sixth birthday. The title is a very old one, having been created by Edward II. in 1309, and when the tenth Baron was accidentally killed in 1895, it was conferred, after being in abeyance for nine months, on the eldest of his two little daughters. The Baroness, who, of course, will never be able to sit in the House of Lords, is thus the youngest peeress the Queen has ever created. There are three widowed Lady Beaumonts living.

An old soldier, in the person of GENERAL SIR MICHAEL SHRAPNEL BIDDULPH, celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday on July 30th. The son of a clergyman, he served throughout the Crimean War and fought at Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, while he has also seen service in India. Besides being keeper of the Regalia, Sir Michael is the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords. The General is a good sketcher, and, so far back as 1849, illustrated a book on Norway. He is a Royal Artilleryman.

Starts next week: "The Mystery Man," by William Le Queux.

PIGTAILED JOCKEYS

HOW THEY RUN THE DERBY IN CHINA.

As there is no rule without an exception, the hatred with which the Chinese regard the foreign people and all their works is withheld from horse racing. The Chinese would have been less than human had they not recognised the attractions of a sport, the popularity of which has made it the most cosmopolitan of all the world's recreations.

Horse-racing in China is, of course, very limited, that held at Hong Kong being the best. Indeed, the attendance at this meeting is so great that it is as well coolies draw vehicles, for it is doubtful whether four-footed animals would be able to thread their way in and out of the dense masses lining the roads to the course. In many respects the route to the Hong Kong racecourse bears a striking resemblance to that leading to Epsom. There are, as we have said, no vehicles drawn by animals, but there is no mistaking the festive air of the moving throng. Anyone could see that all were on pleasure bent.

On the Derby road the vehicles are about three deep. So they are at Hong Kong. Then there are tall policemen stationed along the route. So there are at Hong Kong—English or Sikhs, it matters not. Selfish drivers who throw the cavalcade bound for Epsom into confusion are forced back into their proper places. So they are in China, the only difference being that the offending coolie has to submit to some resounding whacks on the head, which he takes as a matter of course. Clear of the town,

THE DENSE CROWD TOILS ON,

the roads are lined with palms, banyan trees, and bamboo, but nobody notices these. The one thought is to get to the race-course as quickly as possible. Up hill, down hill they go, never stopping except to gaze at some chair or rickshaw which has come to grief in a collision.

At last the Grand Stand is reached, and then one of the most amusing sights of the day is to be seen. All the coolies who have received tenpence for the journey roll over and over on the ground like dogs, as an evidence of joy. Fancy a London cabman, when overpaid, getting beyond a gruff "Thank you." If the day is early, a coolie, as soon as he is paid, will run back to town in order to pick up another fare if possible.

The price for tickets to the Hong-Kong race-course, which also includes admission to the lawn, is five dollars. In place of stands for the spectators the authorities provide large mat houses, light buildings supported on bamboo poles. There are eight of these buildings, and as the sides and roofs are all made of rushes and decorated with evergreens and bright-coloured fabrics the effect is very striking.

The mat houses are run by syndicates, and as racing in China is always associated with much feasting, the repasts provided are as good as they are dear. But this matters little, as the finances of a Brit'sher who goes into exile are always well looked after by a grateful country. So on Derby day champagne is drunk in Hong Kong with a recklessness which would

BANKRUPT ANY BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE CLERK.

Merry as the sightseers are below, intoxication is never seen—only a huge good-tempered crowd, composed of almost every Asiatic nationality, with a good sprinkling of Europeans, bent on thoroughly enjoying themselves. One thing is noticeable—whether it is because the people of most European nations are more or less decadent, the Britisher seems to dominate the crowd. They quell disturbances and put down all rowdyism. If German and French sailors get to loggerheads, they cuff both parties unmercifully. It is lucky for us that the Press of Paris and Berlin know nothing of this.

Presently there is a hush, the saddling bell rings, and the numbers are hoisted.

The moment the preliminary canter is over the Chinese begin to bet furiously—amongst themselves. The British, occupying the mat houses, look on, smoke their cigars, quaff their wine, and talk to the ladies, but they don't bet.

The ponies, either from Japan, Australia, or home-bred, are poor, weedy, undersized creatures, on whom no self-respecting Englishman, who had seen a glorious English thoroughbred thunder past at Epsom, would deign to waste a penny. But the Chinese never having seen anything better do not notice that the European jockeys are poor riders besides being much too big.

But even if they did they would bet, for Johnny is a gambler to his finger tips. Still, for all the betting, the pigtailed fraternity evince so little excitement that one wonders why, as they take so little interest in the racing itself, they do not stay at home and gamble. So they would if all the races were European. But they are not. For one race—the "Chinese Derby"—Chinese horses and jockeys only are allowed.

When the bell announces that the Derby is reached the Celestials quiver with excitement. A curious race is this Chinese Derby. The horses are quaint, but the jockeys are extraordinary. Bunched up on their mounts the "mafoo," as they are called, scream, gesticulate, flog their steeds, and throw their arms about. The way in which the native crowd babble and scream till their distorted visages gives them the appearance of frenzied demons, seems to so tickle the English that they shout with laughter.

The race over, the native jockeys are expected to walk round the course in order that their countrymen shall have the delight of gazing at these matchless horsemen. The airs the jockeys give themselves during the promenade never fails to prove annoying to our salts. They have been known in their wrath to rush across the course and pummel the poor wretches right and left.

At race meetings, the governor's mat house is always very highly decorated. During the afternoon his Excellency extends a hearty welcome to any mandarin or great Chinese personage who desires to see him. Conversation on these occasions is extremely limited. All Chinese, no matter how intelligent, experience a great difficulty in picking up foreign languages. They will sometimes obtain a smattering of French or German, but they seldom succeed with our tongue.

But if the Chinese dislike our language they are very fond of our gold. Mr. Atkins or, perhaps, a jolly tar, thinks he will relieve Johnny of a little of his spare cash and offers to pick a horse for a dollar. If he lets Johnny have first choice,

THE BRITISHER IS CERTAIN TO LOSE.

There are always plenty of gambling booths to be found on the Hong-Kong race-course, and all do a roaring trade till the last race has been run.

On the return journey a distinct fall in the jollity of the crowd is noticeable.

Whether the English police are responsible for the gravity of the homeward procession, or because much spare cash has been left behind in the booths, it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that they are not nearly so good-humoured as they were a few hours before. All offending coolies get it hot on the homeward journey.

The greed of the Oriental being insatiable, gambling booths are erected on the way home, and passers-by invited to try their luck. Our soldiers and sailors are generally the pigeons plucked on these occasions.

Enraged at being cheated, Tommy and Jack will frequently tear down one of these fragile canvas structures, and, armed with the bamboo poles, rain down blows on the swindling gang.

This sort of thing satisfies both parties. The Celestial rogue does not mind a thrashing as long as he is not compelled to restore the money he has won. And this he seldom is, his victim, as a rule, being content to administer a sound drubbing.

Qualified Down to the Ground.

A YOUNG fellow the other day presented himself at a certain recruiting station and volunteered for service in South Africa.

"Can you ride?" asked the sergeant in charge.

"Yes," replied the would-be volunteer.

"Can you shoot—that is, shoot from the saddle?"

"Yes."

The sergeant, however, was not satisfied with the fellow's mere word concerning these qualifications, and accordingly led the way to a court-yard at the back.

"Now, then," said the sergeant, as a horse kept for the purpose of testing the riding capabilities of applicants was brought forth, "let me see what you can do."

The young fellow clambered into the saddle, and the horse, after walking a few paces, broke into a canter, then into a gallop, and, at a crack from the sergeant's whip, suddenly stopped dead, shooting the rider clean out of the saddle on to the ground.

"No good coming here with a pack of lies," said the sergeant good-humouredly.

"Pack of lies," exclaimed the fallen and crestfallen applicant from his seat on the ground. "I never told you a word of a lie. If I hadn't been a good rider I should have been seriously hurt, and as for shooting, did you ever see a fellow shoot from the saddle as I did just now? You can't help admitting, sergeant, that I'm fully qualified."

DOCTOR: "Well, did you take the medicine I prescribed for you the day before yesterday?"

Clubman: "Well—um—no. You see, doctor, the directions said, 'To be taken on going to bed.' Fact is, I haven't been to bed since."

"OH, you bad wicked boy! What have you done with your baby sister?"

"I left her in the road by the hedge while I went for my fishin' rod, an' when I came back the sun had melted her—nuthin' there but a big splodge o' grease!"

"WHAT'S a' the greetin' aboot in your hoose this morning?" asked an inquisitive neighbour of Johnnie M'Snorley, as he was passing on an errand to the grocer's.

"Oh, it's just Wullie," was the urchin's cool rejoinder. "When he was playin' in the pantry this mornin' he knockit the treacle-jug aff the shelf on to his heid, an' ma mither is camin' his hair."

An Interrupted Proposal.

THEY were standing beside the bubbling brook at the bottom of the garden. The sun was setting in all its glory, turning the landscape into a scene of unspeakable beauty.

Mr. Standon felt the soft and subtle influence of the situation. What better opportunity for pleading his passion? He dropped on one knee.

"Oh, Millie, darling——" when from a hole in the hedge came a childish voice:

"Oh, how early 'oo says 'oor prayers."

Not a General's Egg.

THE freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those formerly in vogue among the British residents in India.

A distinguished general once happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast the great man was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust.

"Here!" he cried to his servant, "what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?"

The man hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness.

"I entreat your forgiveness," said he; "but it's all a mistake. The stupid waiter has gone and brought you an aide-de-camp's egg by mistake."

"Had it not Been."

"HAD it not been the Sabbath day," remarked a Scottish minister to an elder of his church after morning service, "I would have asked you how the hay was selling in Perth on Friday?"

"Weel, sir," replied the elder, "had it not been the day that it is, I wad just hae tell't ye it was gaun at a shillin' the stane."

"Indeed! Well, had it been Monday instead of Sabbath, I would have told you that I have some to sell."

"Oy, ou ay, sir! An' had it been Monday, as you say, then I wad just hae tell't ye I wad gie ye market-price for't."

The significant nod which the minister gave to this last remark brought the elder with a couple of carts to the manse on Monday morning, and by noon the minister's hay-rick was non-existent.

Only Five.

AT a certain fashionable watering-place last year a lady visitor, in charge of some half-dozen olive branches, spent a good deal of her time in attempting to drive a bargain with the boatmen. The lady came to be pretty well known, and her patronage was not particularly desired.

"Well, John," she remarked to a boatman one morning, "what will you charge to row us round the point?"

"Well, mum," said John, critically surveying the group, "I couldn't possibly do it under half a sovereign."

"Half-a-sovereign!" gasped the lady. "That is simply preposterous! The man over there," indicating another boatman, "has offered to take us for three and sixpence."

"That may be so, mum," calmly responded John. "Yer see, Bill's riskin' very little. His old boat's full o' holes, while I've only got five in mine."

The lady didn't go on the sea that morning.

When the British Fought Without Men.

LORD KITCHENER'S first fight was unique in military annals, it being conducted and won without any men, as the rank and file are, of course, officially termed, and, further, it was the smallest force that ever took part in an engagement that will undoubtedly find permanent record.

It was during the survey of Western Palestine that this double event in Army episodes took place, when Lieutenants Kitchener and Conder were attacked by a party of Bedouins.

The young officers with their revolvers proved too much for the Arabs armed with guns nearly as great in length as Long Tom; but little did either Kitchener or the desert robbers conceive that the day would come when, upon a greater field, there would be a renewal of hostilities—the tall young engineer as a triumphant Sirdar, the Arab force to wither away like ripe corn before the sickle.

Kitchener was the junior of the two officers who fought in the Army's smallest engagement; he is now Chief of the Staff of the greatest British force that ever took the field.

If you want good value for your money, buy SHORT STORIES, every Tuesday, only one penny.

HAVE YOU A HOUSE OR A HOME?

A HOUSE CAN BE BOUGHT, BUT NO MONEY CAN PURCHASE A HOME.

NOT long ago an observant Frenchman, speaking of the dominant part played by the Anglo-Saxon race in modern history, said that the chief reason of its success in colonisation is that the members of that race take their homes with them wherever they go. Those who pondered the words understood that the Frenchman had recognised the great difference between houses and homes.

This difference is more apparent among the British whether at home or abroad, than among any other people; the Briton always has a difficulty in finding in other languages a word which he regards as the exact equivalent of h's own "home."

The home life of the British always has a charm for the foreigner. He is attracted by it, although he is o'ten unable to comprehend in what it is different from his own domestic state.

A house can be bought, or rented, and furnished by anyone who has the money, but no amount of money can buy a home. Homes are built not of bricks and mortar, but of love and devotion. If you want a house, you have merely to erect an outer shell, divide it into rooms, and place in those rooms such furniture as is necessary for your daily life; but a home is something apart from these things—something intangible, made up of all that is included in

THE UNION OF HEARTS.

There are people who think that the particular house in which they have lived for years, and the furniture which they have seen and used day after day for so long, constitute their home; but if they stop to think they will find that it is not so. Undoubtedly these things have some hold on our feelings, but if you remove those people to other surroundings, they will quickly recover from the pang of regret which their departure caused them, and will recognise that they have brought their home with them after all, for they have their family ties just the same, and both parental and filial love are there to make life happy.

The tired and struggling units of humanity do not need houses, they require homes. Love and sympathy are more necessary than shelter and ease given by material surroundings. An encouraging word, a cheerful smile, or a pat on the back, will do far more to help us along the rough road of life than the sight of an "old master" on the wall or a lounge in a luxuriously upholstered chair.

In the busy workaday world there is no time for tender sentiment; everybody is in a hurry, everyone is, to some extent, an Ishmaelite. He who can go at night from his work to a home is blessed, for there he will receive that which will help him to go through the duties of the morrow. Homes are the storehouses of happiness, the creators of content. He who goes to a mere house knows nothing of this and is to be pitied.

Houses are raiment, they are a larger kind of clothes. Houses are like ready-made garments which ill-fit the frame; homes resemble

THE SUIT MADE TO MEASURE

which fits the body well and is comfortable.

There is the same difference between a house and a home as there is between new-bought stiff, uncomfortable shoes and a pair of old slippers fit for evening wear. Men exist in houses, but live in homes.

A home is the result of partnership; no single individual can build up a home. Take the man or the woman who is living a life of celibacy. Each may have—doubtless does have—an affection for his or her surroundings, and may feel a sense of comfort and relief when returning to them after a day of toil; but it is not home, in the real sense of the word. The little acts of kindness and love, the soul-inspired deeds and sacrifices of devotion, the sharing of joys and triumphs, and the very participation of griefs and trials which make home what it is—all these are absent from the life of the celibate, and the dwelling-place which they dignify by the holier name is not far removed from the house.

Modern progress is threatening the home in various ways. We have the boarding-house, where small families are thrown together with others, and have little or no opportunity for the exercise of those sentiments which make up the home life. The advance of education is assisting the growth of boarding-houses, because our girls seek to earn a living with their brains instead of with their hands, and decline to become domestic servants. Domestic servants are to be obtained by those who pay higher wages and grant more privileges than smaller families can afford to give, so people turn to boarding-houses as one way out of the difficulty. Other innovations—inroads on our home life—are following as a result of the dearth of servants and the love of sport and outdoor amusements. It will not be well for us when our homes have degenerated into houses.

Love is the architect of the home; the family, big or small, is the circuit along which this divine current flows; if the circuit be broken by the continued incursion of outsiders, love cannot assert its full sway. The home has become a house only.

An Awkward Mistake.

"BRIGGS is dreadfully nearsighted. You know that hat his wife wears, with all those black plumes in it?"

"Yes, I've seen it."

"Well, Briggs thought it was the head of a feather-duster, and he tied it to his cane and brushed a lot of spider-webs from the porch ceiling before his wife caught him at it."

Couldn't Stand the Noise.

A YOUNG lady was recently cycling along a country lane about two miles out of Oxford. She had on her machine a strong bell which rang on the front wheel by a strap being pulled from the handle-bars.

In front of her in the lane was a hansom cab, which she wanted to pass, so she gave her bell a gentle pull, but cabby did not seem to hear it.

Finding he did not move, she gave it a tremendous pull, and the effect was instantaneous, for cabby moved to one side, and as the young lady rode past him he called out:

"I say, miss, run over me first another time, please."

They Would Know the Secret Police.

AFTER one of the frequent changes of Government in a certain South American Republic, the new President summoned an artist and ordered from him designs for new styles of official uniforms.

"I wish," he said, "showy costumes, very showy, for the people like to see them so. I have here some designs that I myself have made. Look them over and adapt your designs to these ideas."

The artist looked over the album of sketches offered for his inspection by the President.

"Very pretty, very pretty, indeed," he commented. "This is evidently for the Navy and this for the Army. But, if you please, what is this for, this one composed of great riding boots, yellow dress coat turned up and trimmed with purple, and a great plume on the three-cornered hat?"

"That is for the secret police," gravely replied the Chief of the State.

A Journal for a Chicken per Number.

THE newspaper with the smallest staff in the world, but with a substantial income, is the *Kalorikmik*, of Godthaab in Greenland, a spot which, besides literature, produces little but seals and turnips, the latter only in a mild summer.

The *Kalorikmik* is published monthly by a Mr. Moller, who composes, prints, edits, sells, and distributes it with his own head and hands. It costs a chicken for a single number, the quarterly subscription is a duck, while a whole year's issue may be had for a marten's skin payable in advance.

The subscribers are mostly Esquimaux, who read the *Kalorikmik* aloud to their greasy spouses, while the latter are busy licking their children's faces clean and chewing sealskin soft for a new pair of boots, after the evening meal of seal and coffee. So large has been the sale of the paper, that the editor has built himself a red and white wooden house out of the profits. A typical *Kalorikmik* word is the euphonious "*Anglekiartoposuarok.*"

PROFESSOR (to students): "Gentleman, I cannot supply a better definition of mixed feelings than by giving an illustration. Suppose your tailor and the postman with a registered letter containing your monthly remittance knocked at the door at one and the same time!"

BOOKKEEPER: "Your young son has just eaten some of that chemical fertiliser, sir, that no one will buy."

Employer: "For goodness' sake I hope it hasn't hurt him!"

Bookkeeper: "Not in the least, sir."

Employer: "Well, then, if we can't sell it as a fertiliser, we'll sell it as a food for infants."

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?"

Mr. Younghusband: "I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately."

Mrs. Younghusband: "Indeed it is. I got it off a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure; so I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks."

TOURIST: "How much for the room I had last night?"

Wayside-inn Proprietor: "Five shillings."

Tourist: "That's pretty stiff, isn't it, considering I didn't sleep a wink? I was walking the floor at least half the night."

Wayside-inn Proprietor: "Is that so? Then we'll call it six shillings—a shilling extra for wear and tear of carpet."

CATERPILLAR CRIMINALS.

IN BYGONE AGES LAWSUITS WERE BROUGHT AGAINST PIGS, RATS, WORMS, LEECHES, AND EELS.

IT sems strange to latter-day people to hear that lawsuits were often brought against beasts and other non-human creatures, yet it is perfectly true.

A farmer was taking the pig to market. By some means the string by which the animal was held became entangled round the man's neck. The result was that the pig, in its efforts to escape, tightened the string and so caused the death of the farmer, and became a murderer according to the ideas of that time.

A very remarkable trial took place at Nismes in 1768. The accused in this case was an ass. This animal was used by a farmer to carry produce to market. On the fatal day that it took its first and last step in crime it had done a hard day's work.

Weary and thirsty it wandered into a church. The first thing it observed was a font containing holy water. Naturally it took deep draughts to quench its thirst. Unfortunately it was discovered in the act, with the result that it was arrested for the crime of sacrilege.

The poor ass was tried according to the usual custom of the court, but the counsel retained for its defence could not disprove its guilt. It was found guilty and was duly condemned to death by hanging, the body to be afterwards burnt. The sentence of the court was carried out in due course, and

THE FARMER WAS MULCTED

of the costs of the prosecution.

The absurdity of these trials fades into insignificance before other curious trials which took place in the Middle Ages. Imagine trials taking place at the present day with pigs, rats, flies, eels, locusts, leeches, worms, and the like as defendants. Yet such trials actually took place in France, with all due pomp and solemnity.

The rats in the diocese of Autun were summoned to appear as defendants in a suit urged against them. Needless to say, they did not appear before the court; nevertheless they succeeded in making the reputation of their advocate, Chassanee.

This lawyer accounted for their absence by certain informalities having occurred in the citation. His defence was held good, the citation was duly amended, and the rats were again summoned to appear before the court.

Again they failed to attend. The defence set forth on their behalf by the clever advocate was that a certain number were old and infirm. He asked for, and obtained, an extension of the time allowed for their appearance.

Even then they failed to appear. The advocate this time suggested that they were desirous to appear, but that there were so many cats about that this was quite impossible. He pleaded that they should have protection on their way to court, and demanded that all owners of cats should be bound over to observe that their cats duly behaved themselves.

The court agreed that this was only right, and decreed that proper security was to be given that the rats would not be molested. As

THE OWNERS OF THE CATS

refused to thus bind themselves, the motion for the attendance of the rats was postponed for an indefinite period. This ended the trial, Chassanee having obtained a notable victory for his rodent clients.

The other case, which may be mentioned, was a lawsuit against caterpillars, which occurred in 1584. A portion of France was then suffering from a plague of caterpillars. They were summoned to appear before a properly constituted court held in Valence. As in the case of the rats, they failed to put in an appearance.

Their action was scarcely consistent with true politeness, considering that they were treated with great respect. A capable advocate was appointed to defend them.

Accordingly the trial proceeded in their absence. After much argument and many legal quibbles, the sentence that they should immediately depart was solemnly pronounced by the learned judge. The impolite caterpillars absolutely refused, indeed they treated the ruling of the court with the greatest contempt.

The court, being thus defied, had another meeting to decide what the next proceedings should be. It was gravely discussed as to whether they should be proceeded against by malediction or excommunication, by anathema or imprecation. After much consultation, and the evidence of learned men, the court came to the decision that the most efficacious method to carry out the former sentence of banishment was a liberal use of prayers, adjurations and holy water.

These solemn ceremonies proceeded for many months, so long, in fact, that the caterpillars got old and died; of course, their death was traced to the action of the court. Thus ended the great caterpillar trial.

The records of many similar eccentric trials have come down to us. They are well attested, and undoubtedly genuine. The examples given above will serve as illustrations of these laughable lawsuits, which easily might be considered to be the invention of a person of unsound mind rather than a statement of actual facts and occurrences in those strange days.

"The Adventures of a Gladstone Bag," by Robert Barr, in the August PEARSON'S, will make you laugh.

Women who Dug Trenches and Fought.

WHAT CHINESE WOMEN DID FIFTY YEARS AGO.

CHINA, at one time and another, has given the World's Powers a great deal of trouble, during the past half century in particular. The country, with its unnumbered millions of inhabitants, seems to have got beyond control, and we are experiencing to-day somewhat similar troubles to those faced by British, French, and American officers and men in 1850.

Fifty years ago the Tae-Ping rebellion took place, it having arisen from politico-religious differences. The leader of the rebellion was Hungsewtseuen who founded a society of "tone," or God worshippers, and had put aside idol homage as being idolatrous. Even to-day half the trouble is attributed to religion.

Hungsewtseuen, however, found himself with more female followers than men, and so determined was he in his new belief that he decided to face the difficulties besetting him, and fight for right, even though he well knew this would mean raising an army of women soldiers.

His half a million women followers, nearly equal in numerical strength to the whole of the British Army, were formed into brigades of thirteen thousand each, under female officers.

Ten thousand were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the city. The remainder undertook the more laborious work of making trenches, and looked after the minor but important duties of warfare. The leader of the rebellion assumed the title of Tien Wang, or "Heavenly Prince," and took to himself thirty wives.

Some of the best cultivated portions of China were destroyed in the disastrous affair, and the most remarkable thing connected with the rebellion was that Hungsewtseuen held the city of Nankin for many years, until compelled to submit to European intervention in 1864. His female warriors fought—one is almost inclined to say "manfully"—for their religious belief, and, although there was successful intervention, it cannot be fairly said that they ever suffered any great defeat.

In the war of South Africa, now drawing to a close, there have been many examples of the Boer women helping in the campaign in the way of assisting with the commissariat or loading rifles, but the case recited above is the only instance in which a female army has ever been raised, trained, and engaged in actual conflict.

He Wanted to Know.

THE stately lady and the little boy with curls were in the British Museum.

"Mamma, what is that?" inquired the little boy, as they halted before a large statue.

"That is 'Peace,'" explained the lady, and then they walked on. Presently they came to an Indian exhibit.

"What is that, mamma?"

"That is the 'Pipe of Peace,' darling."

"Oh, mamma, did that nice white lady smoke that old, dirty pipe?"

And Quite True, Too.

LADY MISSIONARY: "Angry! I should say I did come home angry. I shall never go out as a missionary to the Turks again."

Lady: "Would not they listen to your arguments?"

"Oh! they listened respectfully enough, but when I talked to them about the sin of having so many wives, what do you think the horrid things said?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"They said that if Turkish women were like me one would be plenty."

Boiled Pineapple.

THE following story is told of a Conservative M.P., who, wishing to conciliate an old farm labourer, a voter, sent him a splendid pineapple from his hothouse.

"I hope you liked it," he said to the old man when he met him a few days afterwards.

"Well, yes, thankee, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em."

"How did you eat it, then?" asked the M.P.

"Well," said the man, "we boiled 'en."

"Boiled it!" sighed the M.P. in horror, thinking of his pineapple.

"Yes, we boiled 'en with a leg of mutton."

Westminster Abbey as a Lunatic Asylum.

DURING the summer months of the year, the average number of lunatics of various grades who seek sanctuary in the precincts of Westminster Abbey is, on the authority of an official, between six and seven per day. The major portion of these people are harmless, and only suffer from imbecility in different forms.

Some are birds of passage, mere occasional visitors, and the rest—a small select body—make constant use of the abbey. For them it acts as an asylum; they are continually in evidence. They come to air their grievances, or exhibit their peculiar manias in the pathetic, inconsequent way that mad folks have; and the good-humoured policemen on duty, like so many groomed warders, take charge of them for the sake of the public peace.

An old gentleman, a chronic case, is troubled with the idea that Her Majesty the Queen has commissioned him to entirely rebuild and redecorate the Chapter House. On a fine summer morning a visitor to the Abbey may happen against him in excited conversation with the policeman on duty.

He moves his arms impressively to all sides of the building while he explains his plans, and demonstrates the exquisite nature of his designs by drawing them in imagination with the point of his umbrella on the tessellated pavement.

It is believed by the beadle, to whom the old gentleman is fond of talking, that he is an architect by profession, and fancies the Chapter House is again to be used for the sittings of the House of Commons, as it used to be long ago. He is, of course, the architect in whose hands the necessary structural alterations will be placed.

Another more aggressive case is that of a young man, otherwise ascertained to be respectable, who has fallen (literally) madly in love with a lady living in the precincts. Having failed altogether in his suit, he conducts his protest in public.

He arrives at the abbey attired in a waistcoat with six silk handkerchiefs of different colours hanging from the button holes.

Thus adorned in a manner calculated to attract attention, he marches frantically up and down, proclaiming to anyone who will stop to listen the piteous tale of his blighted affections.

Last Day TUESDAY, August 7th.

TRACING FACES COMPETITION.

Can you spare a few stamps for the Fresh Air Fund?

Here you have two circles, each containing a number of lines. All you have to do is to take a strip of tracing paper about four inches long by two and a half inches wide, stick a pin through one end of it, and through the centre of the circle (indicated by the cross). Trace one of the lines. Then shift your paper round until you find another line to agree with it—an ear, or a pair of eyes, or a moustache.

When you have finished, the result in each case should make the portrait of a well-known person. Any number of faces can be made, but there is only one correct face in each circle.

1st PRIZE:

SET OF 100 BEST BOOKS.

(Bound in Half Morocco.)

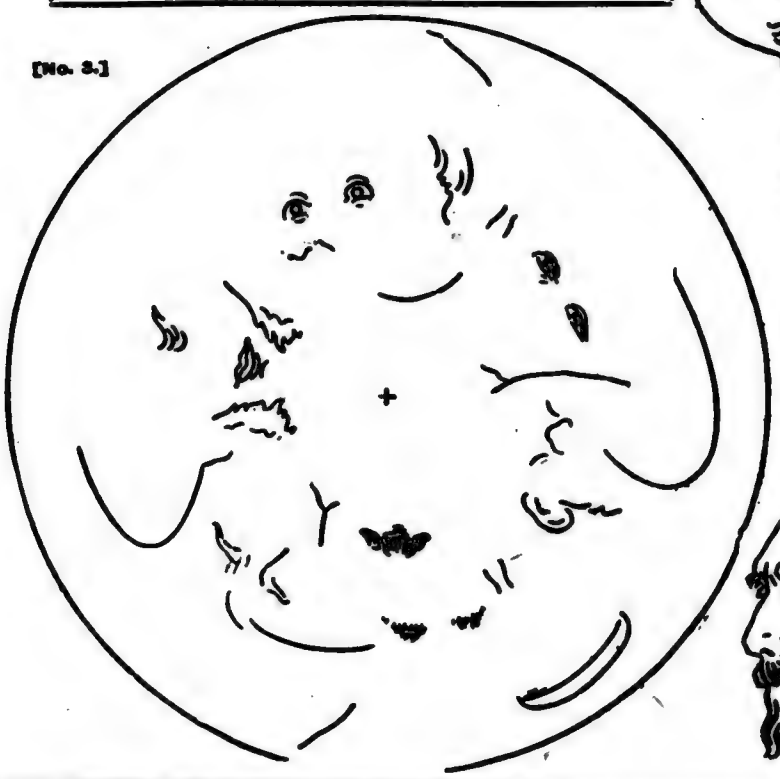
2nd to 10th PRIZES:

SET OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS.

Send in your four pictures before Tuesday, August 7th. The first prize will go to the reader from whom we receive correct solutions. In the event of a tie, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the neatest solutions. The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must enter on that understanding.

Note.—If you have no tracing paper handy, this can easily be made by just smearing a piece of clean, white paper with oil, and allowing it to dry.

[No. 3.]

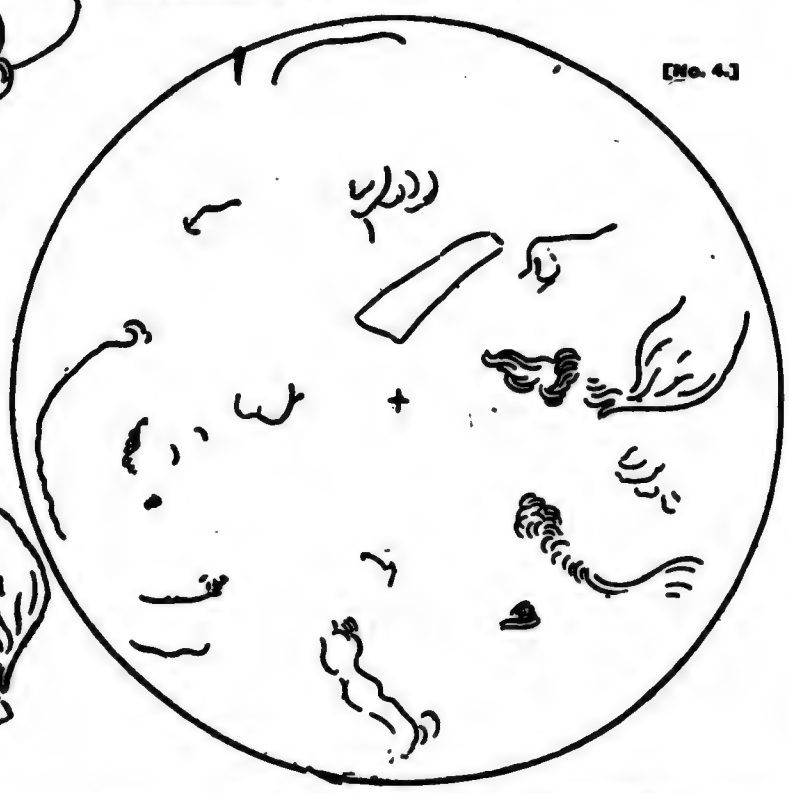


One of the faces you can make from No. 3.

*

One of the faces you can make from No. 4.

[No. 4.]



NOTICE.—Paste each of your four pieces of tracing paper on half a sheet of note paper, numbering them, affix your name and address, and post in an envelope marked "FACES."

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

CHAPTER XXV. (*continued*).

At last the General dismissed him with a final question: "Should it be necessary for a messenger to be sent outside to-morrow, could you or your companion or both of you undertake it?"

Le Brocq looked dubious.

"We had trouble to save our skins in getting here," he said, "but I am sure that Aubin and I will make any effort to serve the cause. But it must be by night," he added, with a sudden affectation of caution. "It is impossible to move an inch by day."

The general called a member of his staff and asked him to procure quarters for the two men, who were to hold themselves in readiness for orders the following evening at six. Within twenty minutes after their arrival at Hayfield station, Le Brocq and Aubin walked forth free men, and when they imbibed their first draught of the cool night air, they each felt that the pressure of a rope had been removed from off the jugular vein.

They were provided with a room in a small house in the village, and beyond exchanging a significant hand-grasp, they did not exchange a word save mere commonplaces, as they could not tell to what degree of espionage they might yet be subjected.

They slept soundly after the fatigues and perils of the day, and were up and about early. Within the Allied lines they now had full liberty of movement, for the narrow roads were alive with men, horses, and vehicles of all descriptions, some important movements of troops being evidently in progress.

Separating by mutual consent, Le Brocq passed down the valley towards New Mills, whilst his companion aimed north and west by way of Little Hayfield. Mingling with the soldiers, they listened to such scraps of conversation as they could catch. They thus made their way towards two distinct points of the extended front, stretching between New Mills and Harthill.

They took none but mental notes, but these were all important.

They saw where the guns were placed, their apparent calibre and number; they saw in what localities troops were being massed; where supports would be stationed; and by what interior lines retreat should be effected if necessary.

In particular, Aubin discovered a series of cunningly-devised and quite invisible rifle-pits, which were obviously intended for use in surprising any too-adventurous attacking party which had succeeded in carrying the regular defences.

These pits were ranged in terraces along the hill-sides. They were deep enough to shelter troops standing erect without permitting a single man to be seen, and all the earth that had been excavated had not been thrown up to form an embankment, but was added to the series of ordinary intrenchments in the valleys or round the basis of the hills.

This discovery was of the utmost importance. It undoubtedly saved the Duke of Connaught's army corps from terrific loss during the subsequent attack, as the pits were not visible at even such a short range as fifty yards, and it was presumed that the troops holding them would receive strict orders not to interfere in any form in the proceeding fight until the British had gathered in dense masses on the inner side of the intrenchments they had previously stormed.

Under any such conditions the assailants would be mown down by magazine fire as ripe corn under the sickle.

Sauntering along in happy-go-lucky fashion, Aubin counted no less than forty of these "surprise" trenches; and he afterwards learnt from Le Brocq that the valley running up towards Hayfield from New Mills was honey-combed with them for nearly half a mile.

The pair thus passed the day very usefully. At five o'clock they met in their quarters, procured a much-desired meal, and presented themselves before General Mercier at the appointed hour.

Mercier had apparently composed himself sufficiently to prepare a cypher dispatch for his government.

The little scroll was carefully placed inside the quill, and then lodged in Aubin's waistcoat.

Le Brocq said, with a confidential smile:

"These German soldiers at the outpost are thick-witted; they were inclined to shoot us when we arrived. They may detain us hours on our departure. Will you not take steps to at least insure us from interference until we are beyond the lines?"

This request was quite reasonable and Mercier instructed a number of his staff to see to the matter forthwith.

The passage of the two comrades down the valley and through New Mills was effected without further incident. At ten o'clock they were brought to a standstill by the startling, but welcome, words:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," cried Le Brocq, and his voice broke into an almost hysterical pitch, now that the tense strain of the last twenty-four hours had disappeared.

"Advance friend, and give the countersign," was the next command.

"Jersey!" was the joyous reply.

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"Oh, that's it," said the owner of the voice, "come here, my beauty, and let's have a look at you."

"Remember, there are two of us," said Le Brocq.

"That's right," was the answer, "though by all accounts I am surprised to hear there is one of you."

The genial sentry, who turned out to be a Shropshire volunteer, passed them on to a corporal, who, in turn, brought them to a captain, by whom they were warmly welcomed.

Half an hour later they were detailing their experiences and marking the result of their observations on maps, with the Duke of Connaught and the chief members of his staff as eager auditors. When they had ended—when the British commander-in-chief knew as accurately as von Meissenhofen the exact position of batteries, trenches, rifle pits and brigades, along the two miles of the immediate front held by the enemy—His Royal Highness shook hands with Le Brocq and said:

"I am very much obliged to you, major."

He then turned to Aubin:

"Lieutenant," he said, "let me congratulate you."

* * * * * * *

In addition to their budget of most valuable information, the two Channel Islanders had brought with them from the Allied camp General Mercier's message. It was a matter of little difficulty, but some patience, for a Foreign Office expert, whose services had been placed at the disposal of the Duke of Connaught, to decipher its contents.

They were brief and very much to the point. The document was addressed to the French Foreign Minister.

"We are still well provided here," it ran, "with stores and all munitions of war, but officers and men are losing heart; not alone from the fact that the British have been enabled to inflict upon us a couple of disastrous defeats by reason of their more numerical superiority, but because it is a general conviction of our troops that they have been deserted by the powers in whose cause they are fighting. We can and will, continue to hold our position intact for a practically indefinite period, but I must impress upon you the necessity of a supreme effort to accomplish a successful diversion elsewhere, or the Army of Occupation will cease to exist through sheer discontent. It is not a matter of endurance. If within a few days a fresh spirit is not created among the troops it will be a question of terms."

The Duke of Connaught smiled ominously when he read Mercier's opinion that he was prepared to hold out indefinitely.

"It is an awkward phrase," was the Duke's comment. "Indefinitely may mean to-morrow or twelve months hence. I think I could show cause for my opponent to form a more precise judgment."

That the Duke's confidence was justified could be demonstrated by any person who was accurately acquainted with the designs of the British commanders in the field.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BATTLE OF HAYFIELD.

The Allies had fired the first shot of the war. It was fated that they should fire the first shot of their last battle.

It came, too, from the country lane that crossed the saddle of Dympus, and showed that von Meissenhofen was not to be despised as a strategist.

The one great mistake he had made during the campaign was to leave the valley of the Ashop apparently unprotected.

But as he himself said afterwards:

"What can a general do when the forces of nature fight against him? An island can only be approached by a fleet, and a commander called upon to defend it would not allow for the passage of an army in the manner that the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. I thought that fifty square miles of morass, which had been left unsurveyed by the British Ordnance Department, on maps that otherwise show every field and ditch, provided sufficient defence for my rear. It proved to be otherwise. Under such conditions what can a man do?"

His actions supplied the best answer to his question.

He fought a losing fight with a stubbornness and bravery that commanded respect, and were it not that his assailants were men who deemed no sacrifice too great to attain the end they had in view, he must have succeeded ultimately in pushing them back, whilst time would have proved an invaluable ally in counteracting the effects of the presence of General Thynne and his troops on the rugged heights of Kinder Low.

The first shot of the battle, as we have said, was fired from the slope of Dympus.

By nine o'clock the roar of battle was continuous and appalling over the whole stretch of country.

The nature of the ground was such that long-range fire for either artillery or magazine rifles was out of the question so far as the main armies were concerned.

General Thynne alone was able to use this demoralising adjunct of modern warfare, and he did so with a persistence and accuracy that disheartened the Invaders at every stage of the fight.

It was one thing to line shelter trenches and fire guns from masked batteries against crowds of skirmishers advancing by the valleys or along the hillsides—it was quite another to be in turn subjected to a plunging fire from the frowning heights of Kinder Low, crowned now by a slight haze caused by the smoke, but otherwise giving no visible indication of the presence of a numerous and determined enemy, who were taking a commanding part in the struggle under conditions of absolute safety to themselves.

It fell to the lot of the Burton Volunteers, led by Colonel Goer, to be the first to get into actual touch with the enemy, that is to say, to use the bayonet rather than the bullet.

In such a battle, fought in hilly country, with rapid turns caused by mountain spurs every few yards, it is obvious that the whole of the opposing forces were well within the range not only of artillery, but of rifle fire.

In this respect a considerable advantage lay with the assailants. The defensive lines ever converged inwards, and the whole strength of the attack could be devoted on the particular point where resistance was being experienced at the moment.

The Derbyshire Battalion was attached to Sir Henry Brackenbury's army corps and, at the particular request of officers and men, was given the place of honour in the fighting line.

"It is our due," said Colonel Goer, in the memorandum he addressed to the Chief of the Staff. "We were the first of Her Majesty's troops to offer organised resistance to the Invaders, and we should be the first to impress upon them the fact that this is to be their last battle."

The argument prevailed, with the result that at 5.30 a.m. the "Beer-Barrels" deployed into line and advanced stealthily along the Western slopes of the Edale Valley. With the lessons of the Boer campaign fresh in their minds, inculcated as they had been by the many fights which had taken place in England, the forward movement of the Derbyshires was conducted in a manner that might not be deemed picturesque by the novelist, but would commend itself most heartily to Lord Roberts.

The first shower of bullets from the enemy's position caused every officer and man to drop as though he had been shot.

Thenceforth they crawled or crouched along the ground, utilising every available bit of cover and firing but seldom, their main object being to get as close as possible to the concealed foe without suffering more casualties than might be described as absolutely unavoidable.

Company and section commanders held their men in the loosest control, as, from the colonel to the junior private, everyone knew the exact object of the advance and used his best intelligence to accomplish it.

When, at last, with surprisingly little loss considering the gusts of bullets, the showers of shrapnel and similar missiles from pom-poms, Nordenfelts and Maxims, the regiment reached a long but slight undulation, which ran down the side of the hill and afforded them complete shelter for the time, a halt was called by the bugle.

About the same moment, a Munster militia corps and the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers reached their allotted stations in the valley and on the Eastern slopes respectively, whilst the British artillery and supporting infantry, which had been eagerly watching for this development to take place, forthwith commenced a terrific fire on the hostile trenches immediately in front of their fighting line.

For five minutes and more this continued,

Colonel Goer, who had been consulting his watch, now sprang to his feet, waved his sword over his head and rushed forward up the slope.

The colonels of the other two corps afterwards declared that he had cut short the allotted time by at least fifteen seconds.

Whether that was so or not, Colonel Goer was determined that to the Derbyshire's should fall the honour of first spear, and he unquestionably achieved that distinction.

With a fierce yell, the whole of his eight hundred officers and men sprang after him. They had less than three hundred yards to go, and the leaders of that awful race undoubtedly reached the enemy's trenches in less than half a minute. To the watchers beneath it seemed like an hour.

Whilst the Derbyshire's were streaming forward like hounds after a fox, a diversion was afforded by a similar action on the part of the other two regiments. It was a magnificent spectacle to see these two thousand Britons advancing along the hill-sides in the glorious competition to first strike a blow at the hated enemy.

During that breathless race each corps suffered heavily, for the enemy's gunners, away up on the heights beyond, disregarded the fierce bombardment now showered upon them by the British artillery, and devoted themselves to the task of stopping or demoralising that fearless rush.

The intrenched infantry, too, relieved for the moment from the deadly blight of lead which had so battered their intrenchments, boldly showed themselves and sought to mow down the approaching British by magazine fire.

But he who calmly uses a rifle against a matchless infantry rushing towards him with an arm which it has made unequalled must indeed be endowed with firm and steady nerve.

Try as they might, the Frenchmen who faced the nearing storm yielded to the influences of the moment, and firing was wild and indefinite. Thus it happened that the Derbyshires, who indeed lost greviously, were yet enabled to reach the trenches without any sensible diminution in the ardour of their impact.

The spectators on both sides saw the straggling British line swallowed up as it were by the earth, for officers and men had fearlessly jumped into the trench in front of them, and the deadly bayonet was now doing its fearsome work. The fact that the combatants were momentarily hidden from gaze lent an element of mystery to this terrible scene, and a like impulse sprang to the breasts of the troops in support, whether British or foreign.

It was the duty, of course, of the Allies to advance and help their comrades in front, but von Meissenhofen's distinct orders had been that positions were to be held and retreated from if necessary, but not to be re-inforced.

It followed, therefore, that the commander of the French supports should have calmly restrained his men to the lines they then occupied, and there await a fresh British advance.

But human nature was too strong. The Frenchmen broke forward, and arrived in the carnage-pit almost simultaneously with the fresh British regiments.

The first glimpse of what had gone before might well have daunted the stoutest heart. Derbyshires, Munsters and Fusiliers had simply worried their way through a mass of opponents, slightly superior in numbers, who had staunchly refused to yield a single inch.

All along the extended line of trenches, men were engaged in personal conflict.

Sometimes rifle and bayonet had both been discarded, and they fought with primeval weapons—hands, nails, and teeth being employed to tear the life out of an opponent.

The great new serial—"The Mystery Man"—starts in next week's "P.W."

In such a struggle the superior physique of the Briton, his more dominant innate brutality, rendered the Frenchman an ill-matched adversary, and had the fate of the conflict been decided in that ghastly minute, the victory must have rested with Britain, though bought at a heavy price.

But the two fresh waves of infantry now clashed together. Some jumped or fell into the trenches, others fought in the open, and the fearful struggle already enacted renewed itself over a wider area.

Such a thing could not last long. Both parties appeared to be unyielding, and every uninjured man, after disposing of his opponent, simply turned to seek another.

At last a few scattered companies, the fragments of nearly four thousand Allies, fled back towards the nearest position that offered shelter from the death which so mercilessly pursued them, and a fierce cry of triumph went up not alone from the spent victors, but from every Briton who witnessed the affray.

For an instant there was a lull.

Even experienced and callous leaders of troops yielded to the spell of the excitement that caused brains to buzz and hearts to beat tumultuously, but the glamour of the sight soon passed and as if to show that other work lay ahead, the Allied artillery recommenced operations by firing salvoes of shrapnel at the exposed British fighting line.

This message of continued defiance brought back the officers to their senses. With loud commands they got their frenzied men to jump back into the occupied trenches and there seek safety among the dying and the dead.

After the momentary respite the battle was renewed with fresh vigour. Sir Richard Harrison, to whom Sir Henry Brackenbury had intrusted the command of the leading division, hurried forward every man and gun with instructions to regimental officers to bring concentrated fire to bear upon the Allies and thus help to render the position of the British fighting line more tenable.

At this moment a magnificent instance of devotion to duty, carried out under most trying circumstances, was given by the behaviour of 126th Battery R.F.A., which, in order to reach an effective point for assailing the enemy's centre in the valley, was exposed to a perfectly murderous fire.

The major in command led his guns forward at a gallop, the battery was only subjected to rifle fire until a halt was made, the guns unlimbered and the first range-finding shells dispatched up the valley.

Then, by very reason of the excellent target it offered, the battery attracted to itself the attention of twice as many guns and a very large number of infantry stationed on the hillsides. No one could help admiring and feeling proud of the calm courage and endurance shown by the Englishmen.

Stormed at from three points of an extended front they never betrayed the least alarm or haste, but quietly laid their guns and went through the engrossing operations of the moment with the method and precision of the drill ground, though men and animals were dropping fast, for not even the horses could be removed to a safe distance.

There was not an atom of cover available. Wounded horses were taken from their traces and shot, whilst the devoted members of the hospital bearer train themselves sustained many casualties in the task of removing injured men.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this Inferno the survivors worked steadily at the guns. When ammunition for the twelve-pounders became scarce, volunteers dashed backwards and forwards, between the battery and the ammunition waggons in rear, to bring up fresh supplies.

It may seem perhaps that this reckless devotion was unnecessary, but the story subsequently told by those of the Allies who witnessed this portion of the battle, made it clear that the British shrapnel greatly delayed the advance of a very strong force of German infantry, which had been ordered to re-occupy the captured trenches.

This delay was invaluable to the British. It enabled Sir Richard Harrison to bring up his infantry, and when a counter-attack was at length delivered it failed because it could be met by a much superior force.

Meanwhile, the Guards, Marines and a number of militia regiments had gallantly advanced along the ridges trending towards the Peak, and half-an-hour after the Derbyshires had made their heroic effort, the British front was pushed forward all along the line for a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile.

It followed that the crumpling up of Mercier's forces brought them well within the range of that murderous combination commanded by General Thynne on the heights of Kinder Low. The galling effect of this latter force now became more marked and deadly. Firing from a position of absolute security, his guns and rifle-men were able to pick and choose as to the localities in which their attentions would be most effectual, if least appreciated.

Already the seal of despair was set upon the faces of the senior officers of the Allies engaged in this field.

"This cannot last," said a German major on the staff, as he turned to a companion and asked him for a cigarette. "Unless fortune favours us in some wholly unlooked-for manner we will be all dead or prisoners before nightfall."

"I agree with you," said the other, "but what does it matter? We took the risk when we came here, and we are simply fulfilling our compact."

"Nevertheless, it is hard to be shot down like dogs in this fashion. I think we are adopting completely wrong tactics."

"What would you do, then?"

"Are we not a mobile force? We have horses enough to mount nearly every man. Why do we not form ourselves into two strong divisions of cavalry and mounted infantry, and push forward with every available man and gun in the endeavour to sweep both wings of the attacking force out of our path and form a junction down there in the plain? It would surely be better than standing here to be hammered at at their pleasure."

"Why do you not give this counsel of perfection to von Meissenhofen?" said the French officer with whom he was conversing.

The other smiled ominously.

"Simply because I do not want to be shot a few hours earlier than is necessary," he said. "In your army, my friend, you do not understand discipline as we have been taught it in the Fatherland."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Tom Pratt wins the V.C.

Long before the fiercely contested action at Edale had developed itself on the lines indicated, the Duke of Connaught had advanced divisions of ten thousand men each for the purpose of carrying out the programme already described; namely, to drive in the enemy's front opposite New Mills and to gain a passage towards Little Hayfield, by way of Higher Harthill and Brook Houses.

Profiting by the information obtained by the two daring Channel Islanders, the leading regiments of both columns were able to avoid the invisible rifle-pits prepared for their reception, and their tactics consequently caused much amazement to the troops immediately opposed to them until the object of their manœuvres became clear.

Then it dawned upon the Allies that the British were acquainted with every pitfall and device opposed to them, and a common thought sprang to the minds of all who were able to form a connected idea as to what was taking place.

"We have been betrayed," said each man to himself, not daring at first to whisper his suspicions.

But soon it became impossible to conceal the fact that the assailants were well posted as to the exact locality of every line of trenches occupied by the Allies.

Then no one feared to speak openly.

"It is the fate of France," cried a maddened officer, "to be sold by her own sons."

"It may be," said a German colleague tauntingly, "but unfortunately, in this case you have also betrayed your friends."

And it is more than probable that the excited disputants would have fought a duel there and then, were it not that a sterner occupation was provided for them.

The right attack, which advanced along the Valley of the Sett between New Mills and Hayfield, was led by the 4th. Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders.

This fine regiment followed the line of the main road, whilst the Militia Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry occupied the railway and hillsides almost abreast of the volunteers.

Colonel G. Jackson commanding the Highlanders, and Majors Smith and Grassick, together with the ten captains on parade, each carried a sketch-map of the country, prepared by the Intelligence Department. On this was clearly marked, as accurately as possible, the position and extent of the enemy's defensive works.

Consequently, the men, who were under splendid control and in the highest spirits, never attempted a direct frontal attack against the hidden intrenchments.

Three times in succession they skilfully deviated from the direct route and were able to creep up, under a fierce but not very damaging fire, to points whence they could sweep a rifle-pit from end to end; and, as the occupants of these traps were ordered to keep themselves hidden until the moment arrived when they could pour deadly volleys into the ranks of an advancing and unprotected foe, the surprises thus effected by the volunteers were complete and demoralising.

There was no attempt to exercise undue haste in the advance.

The progress of the leading regiments had to be guided largely by the movements of troops in the rear and on both flanks, the Duke's intention being to steadily push forward a division sufficiently strong, not only to force its way through all obstacles, but to successfully resist any strong counter attack which the enemy might attempt.

Hence it was that after two hours fighting the Highlanders were still half a mile distant from the Birch Vale Printing Works, in front of which the main road from New Mills turns slightly to the right from a junction it effects with a similar road leading by the hill-side to the left, towards Middle Cliff and Lantern Pike.

The Allies were so strongly posted in and around the extensive premises of the Cotton-printing Company that Colonel Jackson caused his men to lie down under the favourable cover afforded by a number of hedges until the artillery was able to take up a fresh position on the Disley road, and shell the Invaders out of their stronghold.

Although the locality abounded in thick stone walls which afforded sufficient protection from bullets, the British troops soon learnt to carefully avoid such cover, owing to the disastrous result when the enemy's shells pitched into the stone-work.

Once or twice, when by chance troops had taken shelter behind a wall, the hostile artillery were able to fire with such accuracy, and the splintered stones effected so many minor casualties, that the men suffered more than in the open. A hedge, on the other hand, gave a splendid cover, because the men were rendered invisible, the ditches on both sides frequently provided a splendid natural trench, and firing could be carried on under conditions.

There was one person who was extremely anxious to know what was occurring in front, but whose promise to Colonel Forster not to expose himself to unnecessary danger kept him chafing and restless in the comparative safety of the best attainable out-look in the neighbourhood of the Duke's staff.

This, needless to say, was Tom Pratt, to whom by this time the methods and manners of an army in the field; the mysterious distinctions between army corps, divisions, brigades and battalions; and the tactics which govern the advance of infantry against a fortified position, were almost as familiar as to the Commander-in-chief himself.

No one who had seen the boy six weeks earlier would now recognise him. He had grown visibly during the campaign. He had materially amended his manners, and appearance, and the tremendous incidents in which he had figured as an actor or had witnessed as an interested spectator had necessarily left their stamp upon him.

Hence, it was not surprising that he should incidentally grasp the reason why Colonel Jackson and the commanders of the other regiments in the fighting line had suspended the advance.

He knew also that the guns they wanted could not possibly reach the desired position for nearly half an hour, whilst a further shelling of twenty minutes would be necessary before the British line would break cover again.

"This," said Tom to himself, "is a good time to get something to eat," and he forthwith quitted the hill on which he was standing and proceeded at a jog trot into New Mills.

After satisfying his requirements in Colonel Forster's quarters, and refilling a good-sized water bottle which he carried for the benefit of any wounded soldiers he might chance to encounter, he was about to climb the hill again, when he met an old acquaintance—none other than Joseph, the boy who had assisted Colonel Forster and himself on the remarkable night of their raid upon General Mercier's papers.

"Hello," cried Tom Pratt, stopping short as his eyes fell upon the other lad, who was furtively creeping along the main street under the shadow of the houses and obviously in terror lest a stray shell should pitch somewhere in the locality. "Are you here yet?"

The boy stared at him vacantly, for Tom Pratt's face had been washed, his figure respectably clothed, and his general deportment vastly changed since they last parted company after their march across the fields towards Ashton-under-Lyne.

"Who may you be?" said the boy, his teeth chattering with terror.

"An old friend of yours, to be sure," replied Tom Pratt. "Don't you remember lending some of your poor father's clothes to Major Forster one night about a month ago in your shop down the street there?"

A look of intelligence came into Joseph's face.

"You don't mean to say," he gasped, "that you are the kid who found me that night? Why we walked miles together, and I should never have known you."

"That's nothing remarkable," said Tom Pratt. "People change, you know. How have you been getting on? Not much trade doing at the shop, I expect?"

"Trade!" snarled the boy, "those blackguards up the valley there took everything we owned in the world and smashed up our poor bits of sticks for payment. If it hadn't been for the money Major Forster gave me, I should have starved."

(To be concluded.)

Next week will appear the opening chapters of William le Queux's new serial, 'THE MYSTERY MAN.' It is anticipated that the demand for this number—the Bank Holiday Number—will be greatly in excess of the ordinary issues, and consequently it would be advisable for you—even if you are a regular reader—to ask your newsagent or bookstall clerk to keep back a copy for you. The Bank Holiday Number will be on sale on Friday morning, August 3rd.

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This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Cutcliffe Hyne, the man who created Captain Kettle, is contributing a new series of short stories to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. If you like Kettle, you will be certain to like the purser who is the hero of "Tales From a Steam Hotel."

How Zulu Women Sew.

THE skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needlewomen. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus, the seamstress has a considerable amount of labour before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally, she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work, or do anything else, who can possibly help it), and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly compared with an English needlewoman, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is damped with water before she commences; and as the damp thread and hide dry out it brings the work very closely together. This is carefully attended to, and the work is not allowed to get dry until finished, when the seamstress lays it flat upon the ground, pulling it this way and that, and mixing and arrangiing the hair for several hours, until, the skin being generally dry, it is impossible to find the joint or hem with the naked eye.

MASTER (to coachman): "John, just go down to the well and draw some water for Mary."

John: "I was engaged to drive the horses, and not to draw water, sir."

Master: "Oh, well, just get the horses and carriage out, and take Mary to the well, then."

THAT was a fine piece of irony when a certain famous architect had got out the designs for a magnificent church, to cost £30,000, and the committee of the building fund wanted him to reduce the price to £10,000.

"Say thirty shillings more, gentlemen," he wrote, "and have a nice spire."

Now, then! Do You Want that Bike?

COMPETITION No. 4.

AN A.B. bicycle is offered to the lady and gentlemen readers of *P.W.* under the following conditions:

Each competitor must make a sentence consisting only of words of four letters. As an example take the following: MANY BOBS WILL COME INTO THIS FUND FROM THIS VERY GOOD IDEA.

This bicycle will be given to the reader whose sentence is considered to be the best. Of course the longer the sentence the better chance of securing the prize, but good sense should not be sacrificed for length, and a moderately long sentence, which is cleverly constructed, will stand a much better chance than a long rigmarole.

All attempts should be sent to this office to arrive not later than Tuesday, August 7th, in envelopes marked "FOUR."

Each attempt must contain at least three penny stamps, which will be placed to the credit of the FRESH AIR FUND.

An Alphabet Made to Puzzle.

AT the very threshold of the Russian language you are confronted by the alphabet, and a most formidable obstacle it is to linguistic study. Cadmus, with a prophetic sympathy for the modern schoolboy, stopped short at twenty-four letters when he invented Greek, but Cadmuskoffovitchsky (as his Russian prototype is called), launches no fewer than thirty-five on the guileless foreigner.

Some of these, it is true, have the same form as Roman characters, but as their sound is usually entirely different, this similarity is rather an additional stumbling-block than a help. Others, again, resemble our letters turned upside-down, or wrong-side about, or otherwise contorted. There is one letter for which we conceived a profound respect, not unmixed with awe.

It resembles the figure III. on a clock-dial, and has the appalling sound of "chtch." When we came across a word containing this letter we gazed upon it in silent admiration. Any attempt to pronounce it would, we felt, prove fatal to our incisors, and considering the high fees charged by good dentists, we could not afford to run any risks.

Another curious specimen, like a small b, with a projecting snout on top, has absolutely no sound whatever, and is defined as a "final mute." In spite of (or perhaps on account of) its silence, it is greatly in evidence, no word of any size being considered complete without it. Its only purpose, apart from that of an ornament, seems to be to warn the reader that the preceding word is in Russian, and that he must not try to pronounce it according to western rules.

When a foreigner writes his name in Russian, he invariably tacks this "final mute" on to it. It is regarded as a subtle compliment to the Russian nation and doubtless has due weight with the secret police.

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

To Remove Glass. Panes of glass may be easily removed by being covered with soft soap for a few hours.

When Boiling Bones the water must be maintained at boiling point if the gelatine is to be extracted.

Hang Blankets in the sun constantly between the times of washing, for it whitens and purifies them besides raising the pile.

For an Invalid. Simmer pearl-barley that has been very carefully washed, in water till thoroughly tender. Then serve it with cream or custard.

For Cases of Thirst in Illness, where the patients suffer from burning thirst which ice does not quench, it is well to try a teaspoonful of glycerine, for in many cases it gives prompt and long relief.

Indian Soy is used as a fish sauce, mixed with melted butter, and also in the manufacture of Worcester and other sauces. It is a very strong sauce so use it in small quantities. (*Reply to* DODO.)

New Turnips and Bacon. Fry some bacon cut in dice, and then in the same fat fry some small turnips. Sprinkle in some flour and moisten with some good brown stock. Put the sauce-pan at the side of the fire and simmer very gently till the turnips are quite done. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve very hot.

Conger Eel Pie, such as you wish to make, is quite simple. Cut the eels in pieces and dip each in a mixture of chopped herbs and flour. Set in a pie-dish. Place the bones of the fish in a sauce-pan with an onion, parsley, and seasoning. Let it boil gently for an hour. Pour the stock over the eel in the pie-dish, cover with a good crust, and bake for twenty minutes. (*Reply to* YACHTSMAN.)

A Child's Day Sleep is often spoilt by the way in which the little one is put to rest. First of all the shoes should be taken off and if at all light the socks too. Then make sure that every part of the dress is perfectly loose and that there are no strings or bands to cramp him. There is no doubt that a child sleeps better with many of his garments taken off, and then lightly covered with a shawl or thin blanket.

Baked Mackerel. Take an even number of fish, cut them down the back, take out the backbones, and place the fish (skin side downwards) on a greased tin dish. Scatter over it breadcrumbs, chopped herbs, parsley, a little shallot, and seasoning of cayenne and salt. Place another fish on the top, brush over the skin with beaten egg, cover with browned breadcrumbs set in a quick oven, basting occasionally for nearly a quarter of an hour. Remove to a hot dish and serve at once.

Treatment for the Stings of Wasps and Bees. These stings are made by a sharp dart at the extremity of the body, through which, as it is hollow, a poison is ejected. When a person is stung it is always necessary to look at once and see if any part of the sting be left behind, and if so, it should be carefully removed with a pair of fine tweezers. If, however, it has been incautiously rubbed and some of the sting left in, the mischief is increased. The sides of the wound should then be gently squeezed so as to push out the sting. When the wound is clean dab it with a little hartshorn or ammonia, and if painful a little sweet oil will prove very soothing. The swelling, as a rule, does not go down for some hours. In eating summer fruits I would remind my readers to be cautious that no waking wasp be swallowed, for, should the insect sting the gullet, the consequences may be very serious. (*Reply to* FARMER).

DO YOU WANT A NOVELETTE FOR NOTHING?

It may happen that you do not read much, and, that being so, when you are taking your holiday and want some literature you have nothing handy. Don't forget then that a sixteen-page novelette is given away with HOME NOTES every alternate week. If you buy the current issue you will be entitled to a most interesting one, called "Playing the Game." One penny will purchase HOME NOTES every week, as hitherto, but remember that these free novelettes cannot be obtained in any other way.

When Stewing Pears. To each dozen pears, add the rind of a lemon, cut thin, and half the juice, also a small stick of cinnamon.

Hop Bitters. Pour one quart of boiling water upon two ounces of hops and infuse for twenty-four hours. The usual dose is a wine-glassful half-an-hour before meals.

When Making Jelly with Fresh Fruit the juice should always be allowed to drip into a china or glass dish. If a tin one be used, the colour of the jelly will be quite spoilt.

To Get Rust off Keys and Locks.—Lay them in paraffin oil, and let them lie covered for some time. The oil will thus loosen the rust, so that it can be rubbed off. (*Reply to* DORA.)

While Stone Fruits are in season, various liqueurs, preserves, and jams should be made, as they form a valuable addition to the winter storeroom. Do not make these till the fruit is in prime condition and plentiful.

Worms in Furniture can be destroyed by washing the affected part over with paraffin and with a brush, inserting some of it into the largest holes. This must be done constantly till the pest is destroyed. Naphtha has the same effect, but great care is necessary in using it. (*Reply to* G. PRICE.)

Vanilla Puddings. Melt two ounces of butter in a pint of boiling milk and let all stand till cold. Then work into the milk three ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar and three beaten eggs, flavouring all with vanilla essence. Pour into buttered cups and bake for half an hour. Turn out to serve and sift sugar over. Pour round a nice fruit sauce.

To Clean Cashmere. Warm some flour in the oven, turning it constantly so that it will be hot through without taking colour. Have a piece of new flannel, place the article to be cleaned on a board or table, and rub it all over with the hot flour on the flannel; as the flour discolours, shake it off and use fresh. When the garment is clean brush it lightly with a clean clothes-brush, and it should be perfectly clean. (*Reply to* LILA.)

Mushroom Sauce should be made now that mushrooms are plentiful. Slice an onion from the top to the bottom and fry in a ounce of dripping till it is a golden colour. Peel and wash eight full-sized mushrooms, chop quite small and place in a sauce-pan with one pint of water and simmer till cooked. Work one ounce of flour into the sauce and boil it together for five minutes. Season with plenty of pepper and salt and colour a dark brown.

Apple Cake. Place a thin layer of short pastry on a round baking tin, pinch up the edges with the fingers so as to make a little ledge round the cake. Peel and cut in two some large apples, carefully take out the core, and slice them, then arrange in circles round the pastry, one slice overlapping the other. Sprinkle with ground cinnamon and sugar, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a steady oven. When cold, divide into pieces, sift more sugar over, and serve.

Try Boiled Duck for a change from the ordinary mode of cooking. Clean the bird and truss it as usual, boil it slowly in water for about half-an-hour, season with salt, and peppercorns. When the duck is cooked, set it on a hot dish, pour over it a pint of onion sauce to which has been added half a pint of rich brown gravy, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. If a still more savoury sauce is desired add a little ketchup to the above. Serve with boiled peas and potatoes.

Mould of Veal and Ham is a good picnic dish. Take two pounds of fillet of veal and one pound of clean ham, stew all in a little well-flavoured stock till quite tender. Drain, and when cold cut into small, neat pieces. Boil three eggs till quite hard and set in cold water. Take off the shells, cut the whites into rings and the yolks in quarters, or press them through a wire sieve to crumble finely. Have ready some pieces of beetroot cut into fancy shapes, some sprigs of parsley, pieces of mixed pickles, etc. Pour a little of the stock in which the meat was stewed into the bottom of a pie-dish; when set, arrange whites and yolks of eggs, beetroot, etc., in a fixed design, cover with more stock, then fill the mould with the meat, ham, and remains of garnish. Season the stock and pour it when nearly cold into the dish till quite full. Turn out when set, and serve with a good salad. Should the stock not be sufficiently strong to jelly easily, dissolve some gelatine in it before placing in the mould.

Isobel

1900. JULY.					AUGUST.					SEPTEMBER.					OCTOBER.					NOVEMBER.					DECEMBER.					1901. JAN.					FEBRUARY.				
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HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THERE are a certain number of persons who read these columns who are not investors at all. But they write and ask for the name of a member of the Stock Exchange in the hope that they will be allowed to gamble in mining shares though their knowledge is limited and their funds are practically nil. These persons may as well save themselves postage, for whilst anxious to help the genuine investor, however limited his means, every precaution is taken that the reckless gambler shall not make use of this column.

IT is to be sincerely hoped that our repeated warnings against the retention of Home Railway stocks by small investors were put to practical account. As early as March last readers of *Pearson's Weekly* were told to take the opportunity of realising a reasonable price for their Home Railway holdings. The Brighton dividend announcement, and the ups and downs, chiefly the latter, of the market since must have frightened what stragglers remained.

THE truth of the matter is that everything has been against these securities. Firstly, there is the price of coal. When this rose, there were many wise optimists who pooh-poohed all suggestion of nervousness, and said that the price would not be maintained. When this view had to be abandoned, financial writers and others looked to the raising of carrying rates by the companies. But, as we pointed out at the time, this would prove but inadequate tinkering. The final blow to those securities has been monetary conditions. Whilst capitalists can get a high return for money in the open market, they are little likely to patronise Home Rails under present conditions.

TALKING of the rise in money market rates brings to mind the fact that this is one of the unfavourable influences that must be looked for during the current half-year. Another unfavourable influence will be the famine in India, where so much British capital is invested. As regards China and Africa, experts look for speedy settlement of the latter, and an adequate handling of the former without dangerous relations between the European powers.

A CORRESPONDENT points out that whilst different London electric supply companies have been referred to in these columns from time to time, nothing like a comprehensive list of yields at present prices has been set forth. One hesitates to do so, for it is well-known that most of the companies intend to deal with the matter of "depreciation and reserve funds" in a much more businesslike spirit than has hitherto been the case. But for those interested we may state that the highest yields are on Westminster Ordinary, which return about 5¼ per cent., St. James and Pall Mall Ordinary about £5 3s. per cent., London Electric Non-Cumulative Pref. about £7 per cent., City of London Pref. £4 16s. per cent., City of London Ordinary £4 14s. per cent., Kensington Second Prefs. about 4½ per cent., and Charing Cross Ordinary 4¼ per cent.

A GOOD deal of scepticism has been expended on Rhodesia by those who have not appreciated the manner in which the gold industry has been handicapped of late. But by small investors who do not mind the usual risk attending even better class mining enterprises, attention should be paid to such companies as the Globe and Phœnix, the Geelong, the Tati Concession and the Selukwe.

IT is true that there is a liability on the shares of the Rock Life Assurance Company, so very small and nervous investors will act wisely to refrain from purchasing. But to those who are a little better off it is well to point out that the yield under present conditions is over 5½ per cent. Both the Imperial Life and the Universal Life yield over 5¼ per cent.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

J. T. R.—The Temperance Permanent is respectable.——J. E. F.—Better hold for the present.——Reuben Thomas.—The terms offered by the London Penny Omnibus Association are incompatible with satisfactory security.——"Waterford."—The Yorkshire Penny Bank is safe. You can certainly get a higher return from sound Home industrial shares. Deal through a reliable member of the Stock Exchange.——J. J.—(1) Deal through a member of the Stock Exchange. (2) Much better invest your money in sound industrial preference or debenture.——I. J. W.—We do not care for this society.——J. H., of Glasgow.—We do not recommend Portland Cement shares.——A. G.—Glencairns are a fair speculation, but we do not recommend the other. Calico Printers Debentures are sound enough but the Ordinary shares are too speculative.——"Ego."—It is not advisable to pay the call.——"Red Court."—Weldon's Ordinary are a fair investment.——T. J.—Do not join these pools.——"Absent Minded."—You were wise to sell your Home Railways.——E. R. T.—Have nothing to do with them.——R. E.—There are two classes, Bovril Preferred Ordinary and Bovril Cumulative Preference. Both are worth buying.——"Simplex."—Send name and address, which will be treated in confidence, and we will send information you require.——"Temperance."—The office is a good one.——R. D.—Boulder Perseverance are the best on the list.——A. G. W.—Borax Consolidated Debentures are a good investment.——"Sailor."—Better keep your £10 in the P.O. Savings Bank.——H. J.—*Illustrated London News* Pref. are worth buying.——"Patrick."—The Ordinary shares are risky.——P. E. K.—The premium would be about £10 per annum.——"Retired."—This is a time to hold your Welsbachs.——"Member."—No.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated Weekly News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 1
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
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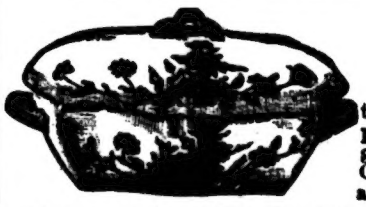

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THE WEEK-END.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

E. J. W., writing from West Australia, tells me several incidents to prove the loyalty of the Colonies, and the unbounded interests of the Colonists in the South African Campaign. "One amusing incident," he concludes, "occurred in Albany on May 21st, which was a general holiday in celebration of the relief of Mafeking. In the evening a patriotic concert was given, at the end of which the chairman called for three cheers for Colonel Baden-Powell, which he said he hoped the people would give with gusto. This was done. Then someone called for three cheers for 'gusto,' and gusto had them."

T. B. wishes to know whether a man can prevent himself from becoming low-spirited. A friend affirms that a man need never be low-spirited, but my correspondent maintains that it is not possible to prevent it when one is weak and constantly in bad health. ——It is easy for one who enjoys the best of health to keep up his spirits, but very difficult for a person in your condition. It is continually said that mind has a great influence over matter, but it is less often remembered that matter has a great influence over mind. It depends upon the strength of will to a very large extent; when you feel that your spirits are sinking, you must resolutely seek some diversion—go for a walk, read a chapter of some interesting or funny book—in order to keep your mind occupied, so that it does not have leisure to dwell on the state of your health. Much may be done in this way, and it is just possible that such a course of action will improve your health; many people who are suffering from nerves, for instance, would be better if they could get away from themselves in the manner I have suggested.

"CAN a woman's voice be heard farther than a man's?" That is what J. N. would like to know.——Young man—I know you are a young man by your asking that question—it can. I have heard, on good authority, it can also be heard more frequently than a man's.

"Is the Welsh National Emblem really a leek?" That is the somewhat surprising question which reaches me from A. A. "In common I think, with everbody, I have always understood that the National Emblem of Wales to be the vegetable leek," he writes. "This has resulted in a discussion between a Welsh friend and myself; he maintains that it is a yellow flower, not unlike the Shamrock in shape."——It seems extraordinary that there should be such a divergence of opinion among Welshmen, but the fact remains that some vote for a flower and others stand firmly by the homely leek. I have consulted various authorities, and find that this difference of opinion is an absolute fact. I can understand a slight confusion between flowers much alike, as is the case with my Irish friends and the shamrock, but the difference between the leek and the yellow flower is rather wide. Facts and historic data point to the leek as the real emblem; in later years, however, a desire seems to have manifested itself to fix upon some less homely and more delicately perfumed plant, and those who favour the latter view are again divided between a flower known as sea-thrift and a kind of narcissus. In this matter I wish to consult the Welsh nation. Mark your replies "LEEK," and send them before Tuesday, August 7th.

J. B. says that he is short-sighted, and wants to know if this is a special detriment to his becoming a good shot.——Not a bit, so long as you can see well enough with glasses. I know one or two men who are quite capable shots, yet who are practically quite sightless without their spectacles. Of course, in actual warfare it would not be pleasant for a fighting man with bad sight to lose his glasses, for the good and sufficient reason that he would not see where to shoot, and could not defend himself with the bayonet; in fact, he might go doing serious damage amongst his own comrades. But there is no reason whatever why you should not take up rifle-shooting, and make a pretty good mark with it.

THE prize of two guineas offered to the person who sent in the best instance of a curious superstition has been awarded to Mr. R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune Street, Barnsley, whose attempt appears on page 55 together with other instances received in connection with this competition.

SHERBONE is curious to know why certain soldiers in the Royal Engineers are called "Sappers."——The Sappers and Miners were added to the Royal Engineers in 1812. These soldiers are recruited from men of fairly good education who have been brought up to some suitable trade. The word "sap," which is generally understood to mean only the juice of trees and plants, also signifies "a trench for undermining." This signification will at once show my correspondent the meaning of the word "sapper" and its relationship to "miner"; and the reason for including such men in the Royal Engineers becomes clear when it is remembered that the R.E. are responsible for fortification work and for such work as may be necessary to upset the fortifications of the enemy.

J. M., referring to the fact that the age of ladies is usually kept very secret, says that Editors apparently desire to assist the fair sex in this respect as they seldom publish the age of the ladies mentioned in the columns of their papers. He points to the fact that in the Birthday column of *P.W.* the age of the ladies is but rarely given, and asks if this is because I do not know them.——By no means; very few indeed of our prominent personages could keep their ages secret for many days if a determined attempt were made to discover them. As a rule, ladies prefer not to have it mentioned, and I naturally respect this wish. But men are also becoming chary about telling their ages; it is not only regarded as a drawback to be growing old, it is looked upon almost as a crime in others by a certain section of people—until they get old themselves.

THERE has been another deluge of post-cards at this office, which fairly swamped the Mathematical Editor for the first few days of last week. At the time of going to press with this issue, his head was just emerging from a sea of cards all bearing on the solution to the great "Band" problem. He was by this time pretty well exhausted with his efforts to cope with the rush of post-cards, and had only just sufficient energy left to hand me the solution sent in by Miss C. Morison, Tummel Bridge, via Pitlochry, Perthshire, which he assures me was the best received. The solid silver pencil-case therefore goes to this competitor. For the benefit of those readers who did not successfully solve the problem, I may explain that there are two equally good methods of solution: (1) algebraic, (2) by a process of exhaustion (namely, trying each number in turn), and that the first collection was two shillings and sevenpence.

A. W.—A cardinal's robe is a most complicated affair. He wears three colours—cardinal, violet, and rose—and he must have a complete outfit in each of these. The different colours are prescribed for the different seasons of the ecclesiastical year. The red is worn throughout the year, except during the seasons of Lent and Advent, when the violet is worn, with the exception of the third Sunday of Advent and the fourth Sunday of Lent, when the rose colour is substituted.

DISAPPOINTED writes: "As an old subscriber to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE I may be permitted, I think, to express great regret and dissatisfaction at the absence of a double summer number of your magazine this year. I may say that my opinion is not isolated, and that I was one only of a host of enthusiastic admirers of your '99 July double number. It was something more than charming."——Well, if every disappointed reader would wrap his critical pill in such a delightful coating of sugar, the editor would ask to have the dose repeated in any quantities and as often as possible. We were sorry not to have presented the readers of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE with a double summer number, and we are even more sorry now; but, truth to tell, we thought that the calls upon all purses would be so much larger than usual this year that it would be hardly fair to raise our readers an extra sixpence on a copy of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE in the middle of the summer. DISAPPOINTED also asks if we are going to drop the Christmas double number as well. No, certainly not. In fact, the Christmas double number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE will be something quite extra special this year with its concentrated essence of two double numbers rolled into one.

G. Z. was so indignant to hear of the individual who was mean enough to save money by giving his children a penny for going without their supper and charging them a penny each for breakfast, that he immediately sent a sovereign to the FRESH AIR FUND on the chance that the little children in question might benefit by the fund. As a postscript he adds a few words to the effect "that a friend of his, named Widdowson, on hearing of the incident waxed equally indignant, and also sent a sovereign."——For which combined generosity fifty-six children are truly thankful. Are there any other equally indignant and warm-hearted readers amongst the millions of Pearsonites?

H. S. is an amateur photographer, and suggests that all amateur photographers, in showing friends the best of their photographs, should take the opportunity of referring to the FRESH AIR FUND, and ask them for a donation towards the fund in return for a print or two of the photos they like best. As my correspondent points out, for the little expense and work entailed in supplying these prints many more children could reap the benefit of a whole day in the country. ——This is a first-class idea, and as so great a number of warm-hearted people do go in for amateur photography nowadays, the F.A.F. ought to benefit considerably.

A. J. S., for example, is a clerk employed by a firm of coal merchants, and in his capacity as collector of weekly instalments from customers, comes into contact with a large number of people. Recently he took round with him one of the F.A.F. collecting sheets, and as the result of his first effort he got together 15s. May I ask any other gentleman engaged in collecting to emulate this man's excellent example?

AMONGST the most energetic collectors on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND is Coroner Maynard of Silksworth, who, whenever he attends an inquest, asks the jury to contribute to the FRESH AIR FUND. Already a large amount has been acknowledged from this source, and I would suggest that other coroners who are equally warm-hearted should endeavour to secure something in this fashion.

JULY 28th will be "Olenda's Day," the captain and passengers of this ship having generously contributed £8 2s., which covers the expenses of a whole day's outing for 200 children. Another "Olenda Day" will take place shortly.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £1,316 5s. 4½d.

M. G. C. Ripon, 5s.; Little Mollie, 9d.; C. P. Plant, 3s.; Alice, Dorothy, Bertha, and Jamie, 3s.; Long Stratton, 1s. 6d.; Stair and Adnams, 3s.; Mrs. Woodcock, 5s.; Ellen M. B., 2s.; Anon, 9d.; Anon, 9d.; Kruger, 9d.; Anon, 6d.; Anon, 4d.; Nemo, 10s. 6d.; A. M. G., 1s.; An Irishman, 3d.; E. E. J., 5s.; L., 1s. 6d.; H. Corner, 2s.; C. M. S., £1 1s.; H. H., 2s. 3l.; Miss Pellett, 9d.; A. and W., 9d.; E. Polsty, 9d.; Miss Brooksmith, 5s.; H. J. W., 4s.; M. Hebburn, 7s. 6d.; M. M., 2s.; R. Luff, 5s.; Anon, 10s.; Anon, 9d.; F. D. W., 1s.; Dudley, 5s.; E. M. A., £1; C. J. L., 2s. 3d.; Eileen and Doreen, 1s. 6d.; T. D. Price, 5s.; J. H. W., 9d.; Irene Sanders, 4d.; W. H., 1s. 6d.; E. C. T., 2s.; P. E. Heley, 2s. 6d.; M. A. C., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G., 4s. 6d.; Lady H. Harrison, £2 2s.; A Wesleyan Minister, 5s.; A Reader, 2s.; Mrs. Noynet, 1s.; S. D. and M. M. E., 1s. 6d.: Oldipus, 7s. 6d.; Orangeman, 3d.; Cymro, 1s. 6d.; Reader of DAILY EXPRESS, 1s.; J. H. C., 1s.; H. B. W., 9d.; M. M. G., 5s.; F. Sherlock, 6s. 6½d.; E. Spetch, 2d.; L. Hall, 3d.; W. Stephenson, 9d.; S. M. S., 1s. 6d.; Quill and Co., 3s.; Miss Oldaker, 4s.; Wirksworth, 1s. 6d.; Logie, 3d.; C. E. Tolson, 1s. 6d.; E. Hoe, 5s.; T. Isted, 4s.; Blanche, 2s.; G. T., 4s. 6d.; Mrs. A. B. Wood, £3 2s.; Green Fields, 1s. 9d.; Devonian, 1s. 6d.; Sympathiser, 1s.; Cornina, 4s.; F. G. H., 1s.; Arthur, 5s.; Belated Reader, 9d.; E. H. Heath, 3s.; J. Hyndman, 1s. 6d.; A. and J., 3s.; A Working Woman, 2s.; L. A. B., 9d.; A Country Woman, 12s.; Anon (Queen's Park), 9d.; W., £1; E. Galloway, 10s.; Hove, 1s. 6d.; M. and G. H., 2s.; G. E. P., 3s.; P., 2s.; Little Mildred, 2s.; M. E. A. Cooper, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Bushell, 9d.; X. Y. Z., 9d.; Little Mab, 3s.; M. B., 2s. 3d.; Miss Hutcheson, 9d.; R. Wells, 5s.; E. J. C., 5d.; L. B. H. H., 2s. 3d.; S. T. E., 4s.; Anon, 4s.; A Friend, 3s.; F. H. Barnsley, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. H. 1s. 6d.; A Reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, 5s.; M. M. T., 5s.; Dorothy and Winifred, 2s.; Anon, 9d; Hester Dill, 6s.; R. S. H., £1; Mrs. Seymour Biscoe, 3s; E. Daniels, jun., 7s. 6d.; Maud Lawrence, 1s.; Anon., 9d.; Anon. (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; Miss Mackay, 4s. 6d.; J. Carruthers, 10s; F. A. F., 5s.; J. Robertson, 1s.; A. M. E. (Exmouth), 5s.; M. Collings, 9d.; F. N. Campin, 9d.; H. W., 2s.; A Lover of Children, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Bradbury, 4s. 6d.; Guildford Street Baptist Mission Band, 2s. 4½d.; M. Bonar, 3d.; G. V., 1s.; A Friend, 3s.; Sydenham, 7s.; Mrs. T. J. Hatt, 2s. 6d.; Erin, 1s. 6d.; Miss Foss, 3s.; E., 5s.; F. H. Mitcheson, 9d.; Maud, 3s.; Baker, 10s.; A Mother, 2s. 3d.; W. S. Williams, 3s.; Anon. (York), 5s. 3d.; Hatherleigh, £1; A. R. Keating, 10s.; Ponders End, 1s.; R. Hinde, 10s.; F. H. G., 2s.; Mrs. E. R. Dowse, £1; H. Smith, 5s.; L. V., 9d.; Anonymous, 2s. 9d.; S. Possos, 10s.; Little Miss Hancock, 3s., W. G. Chattin, 3s.; Wilhe Cutts, 1s.; L. Garrard, 1s. 6d.; Wicca, 2s. 6d.; L. H. B., 9d.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; F. W. Holloway, 4d.; A. C., 1s. 6d.; J. F. Coates, £1; Mrs. Bingam, 2s.; Carton and Mabel, 1s.; Anon., 9d.; Guernsey, 3d.; W. McLean, £1; Anon., £3 2s.; M. C. and E. B., 4s. 6d.; Miss M. Roberts, 7s. 6d.; Victor E. Armstrong, 1s. 6d.; Sunbeam Fund, 10s.; G. S., 6d.; Macclesfield, 9d.; Anon., £1 2s. 6d.; Violet C. Smith, 2s. 9d.; H. P. Ereant, 2s. 9d.; C. M. Bowater, 1s. 6d.; M. M. S., 2s. 6d.; C. A. P., 9d.; A. M. Smith, 9d.; Poor Man, 1s. 6d.; C. Marshall, £1 1s.; A. B. C., 3s.; N. S. Smith, 1s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; X. E., 3s.; Macclesfield, 1s.; D. Graham, 3s.; Edna, May, and Jack Gubbin, 10s.; M. A. and C. Kellett, 10s.; Lover of Children, 5s.; J. F. Wright, 3s.; Mrs. E. G., 10s.; Mrs. Crawford, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Murray, 1s. 6d.; Amphibean, 3s.; Anon., 10s. 6d.; E. E. Barnes, 5s.; A. C. Brighton, 10s.; Anon., 3s. 3d.; Trilby, 10s.; Harpenden, 2s. 3d.; Madge May, 2s. 6d.; Violet, Phyllis and Cyril Illingworth, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Barnard, 9d.; R. E. L. Braithwaite, 2s.; J. N., 2s. 6d.; K. H., 4s.; Mrs. Hobson, 3s.; Mrs. Davies, 5s.; Dot I., 1s. 6d.; W. Herbert and Son's Assistants, 11s. 3d.; Nora O. F., 4s.; A. C., 9s.; J. G. Brawn, 2s. 3d.; T. J. N., 1s.; Best Wishes, 9d.; A. Robertson, 1s. 6d.; M. F. F., 1s. 6d.; W. Peam, 3d.; A. J. Whitehouse, 1s. 6d.; E. Kale, 1s.; C. E. Craven, 3d.; Ernest Cole, 2s. 3d.; E. E. R. S. 9d.; F. and V., 4s.; Mrs. A. F. C., 1s. 6d.; J. C. M., £1 5s.; A. L., 3s.; Mrs. W. Thorn, 5s. 3d.; J. Stranger, 5s. 3d.; M. A. B., 3s.; Anon, 9d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; Maryport, 1s. 6d.; A. Clifton, 5s.

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Engine Works Pattern-makers of J. Brown and Co., Limited, Clydebank, £1 1s.; M. L. Kerr, 2s. 8d.; S. Hall H.B., 7s. 6d.; E. Price, 5s.; Hilda and Edith Baldwin, 6s. 6d.; Children of Miss Cotter's School, 1s.; Abinger Hammer Band of Mercy, £1 4s.; J. V., from Marcus's Arabs, 2s. 6d.; A. Richards, 2s. 3d.; A. P. W., 3s. 3d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Guernsey, 3d.; W. McLean, £1; Anon., £3 2s.; M. C. and E. B., 4s. 6d.; Miss M. Roberts, 7s. 6d.; Victor E. Armstrong, 1s. 6d.; Sunbeam Fund, 10s.; G. S., 6d.; Macclesfield, 9d.; Anon., £1 2s. 6d.; Violet C. Smith, 2s. 9d.; H. P. Ereant, 2s. 9d.; C. M. Bowater, 1s. 6d.; M. M. S., 2s. 6d.; C. A. P., 9d.; A. M. Smith, 9d.; Poor Man, 1s. 6d.; C. Marshall, £1 1s.; A. B. C., 3s.; N. S. Smith, 1s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; X. E., 3s.; Macclesfield, 1s.; D. Graham, 3s.; Edna, May, and Jack Gubbin, 10s.; M. A. and C. Kellett, 10s.; Lover of Children, 5s.; J. F. Wright, 3s.; Mrs. E. G., 10s.; Mrs. Crawford, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Murray, 1s. 6d.; Amphibean, 3s.; Anon., 10s. 6d.; E. E. Barnes, 5s.; A. C. Brighton, 10s.; Anon., 3s. 3d.; Trilby, 10s.; Harpenden, 2s. 3d.; Madge May, 2s. 6d.; Violet, Phyllis and Cyril Illingworth, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Barnard, 9d.; R. E. L. Braithwaite, 2s.; J. N., 2s. 6d.; K. H., 4s.; Mrs. Hobson, 3s.; Mrs. Davies, 5s.; Dot I., 1s. 6d.; W. Herbert and Son's Assistants, 11s. 3d.; Nora O. F., 4s.; A. C., 9s.; J. G. Brawn, 2s. 3d.; T. J. N., 1s.; Best Wishes, 9d.; A. Robertson, 1s. 6d.; M. F. F., 1s. 6d.; W. Peam, 3d.; A. J. Whitehouse, 1s. 6d.; E. Kale, 1s.; C. E. Craven, 3d.; Ernest Cole, 2s. 3d.; E. E. R. S. 9d.; F. and V., 4s.; Mrs. A. F. C., 1s. 6d.; J. C. M., £1 5s.; A. L., 3s.; Mrs. W. Thorn, 5s. 3d.; J. Stranger, 5s. 3d.; M. A. B., 3s.; Anon, 9d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; Maryport, 1s. 6d.; A. Clifton, 5s.

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Has proved itself one of the Best Soaps ever used. STILL HOLDS THE LEAD. QUALITY PERFECT.
BUY IT, PROVE IT, AND SECURE A PRIZE.

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For SEPTEMBER, 1900.

15,409 HANDSOME PRIZES, VALUE £6,641 10s.

LIST OF PRIZES:

Prize	£	s.	d.
Cash Prize, £50 ...	50	0	0
Cash Prizes, £40 each	80	0	0
Pianos, £40 each ...	200	0	0
Cash Prizes, £30 each	90	0	0
Cash Prizes, £25 each	75	0	0
Cash Prizes, £20 each	100	0	0
American Organs, £20 each	100	0	0
Ladies' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
Gents' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
Cash Prizes, £10 each ...	50	0	0
Cash Prizes, £7 10/- each ...	75	0	0
Cash Prizes, £5 each ...	50	0	0
Cash Prizes, 50/- each ...	50	0	0
Gents' Rolled Gold Waltham Levers, 50/- each	125	0	0
Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, 30/- each	450	0	0
Cash Prizes, £1 each	200	0	0
Electro-plated Teapots, 15/- each	187	10	0
Gents' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0
Ladies' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0
100 Pairs Witney Blankets, 15/- pair	75	0	0
500 Cash Prizes, 10/- each	250	0	0
500 Handsome Meat Carvers, with Steel in Case, 10/- per set	250	0	0
500 Gents' Gun-Metal Watches, 10/- each	250	0	0
500 Ladies' Umbrellas, 7/6 each	187	10	0
1000 Ladies' Dress Lengths (Navy Blue Serge, 6yd. double width), 7/6 each	375	0	0
40 White Linen Table Cloths, 70in. square, 6/- each	120	0	0
500 Cash Prizes, 5/- each	125	0	0
500 Brushes and Combs in Handsome Cases, 4/6 each	112	10	0
2000 Cash Prizes, 4/- each	400	0	0
2000 Ladies' Leather Handbags, 4/- each	400	0	0
1000 Handsome Pictures, "Charge of the Light Brigade," 4/- each	200	0	0
2000 Handsome Work-boxes, 3/- each	300	0	0
2000 ½-doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2/6	250	0	0
15,409	£6,641	10	0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every Tablet of WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS, not later than September 30th, 1900. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "Prize Competition." The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. A list giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd. will be eligible. All Prizes will be despatched about October 20th.

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Is pleasant to use, its washing qualities are well known. Dirt flies before it, and the washing is done quickly and easily. It has the Largest Sale of 1-lb. tablets in the World. Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

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HARMLESS TO ANIMALS

KILLS BUGS. FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

Sold in Tins 3d., 6d., 1s. each

KILLS BUGS FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

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KEATING'S NEW PATENT BELLOWS FILLED

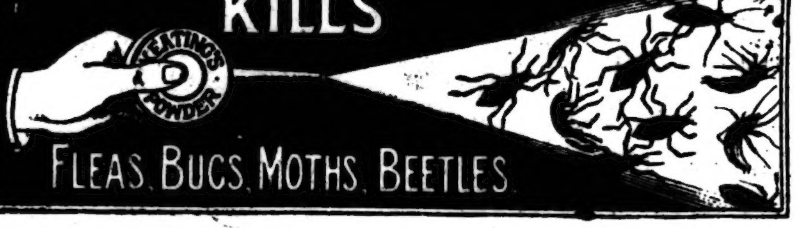
SEE BELOW HOW IT WORKS

USED BY ALL TRAVELLERS

KEATING'S IS UNRIVALLED FOR KILLING FLEAS MOTHS Insects in the hair

SOLD IN TINS 3D 6D & 1/-

THE NEW FILLED BELLOWS 9D



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FRESH AIR FUND PRIZES

Have now all been Awarded,

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"Three years ago I bought one of your machines (£12 10s.), and I cannot speak too highly of it."—SAMUEL DENNELS (Crewe).

"I quite think this one worth the £17."—H. HITCHCOX (Harleston).

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"It is a first-class machine, well worth £18, and is much admired by all the people staying in the house."—Rev. FRED. H. POWELL, Clergy House of Rest, S. Wales.

If anyone favours us with a call, we will let him inspect thousands of testimonials like the foregoing.

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of Nervous Diseases and Exhaustion by Local Absorption.

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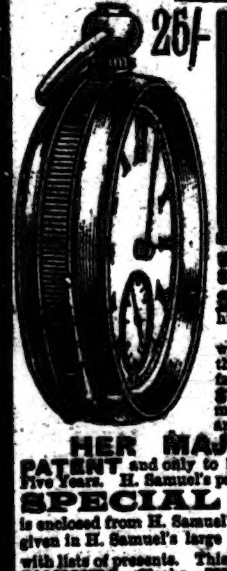

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(Signed) "W. HOWE,
"2nd Royal Fusiliers, Field Force, Natal."

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MASTERS LIMITED will send a pair of these handsome **Field Glasses**, post paid, to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, on receipt of 2/6; price complete, with Crocodile leather Case and Sling, only **14/6.**

IF you approve of them, you send us 2/- on receipt, and 2/- each month for five months—14/6.

BUT should you prefer to send the balance at once, send only 10/6 more, as we allow 1/6 discount to those who pay cash.

IF you do not approve of them we will return your deposit in full,

OR you may send 13/- for the 14/6 glasses, and if you do not approve of them we will refund the 13/- if the glasses are returned in 7 days.

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EBONY HANDLE AND KNOB, HEAVILY PLATED WITH REAL SILVER. **21/-**

FREE TRIAL FOR 3/6

Will Hold 4 Half-pints.

MASTERS LTD. will send one of these full-size Queen Anne Electro-Silver Teapots, value 21/-, to any reader (who mentions *Pearson's Weekly*) on receipt of 3/6.

IF you do not approve of it, we will return your 3/6 in full.

IF you approve of it, you send us 3/6 more on receipt, and 3/6 each month till paid for.

BUT when you see the teapot, should you prefer to send the balance at once, send only 14/6, as we allow 3/- discount to those who pay cash.

OR you may send 18/- for this 21/- teapot, and if you do not approve of it we will refund your 18/- if teapot is returned to us within 7 days.

CATALOGUE of Watches, Jewellery, etc., 1,328 Illustrations, post free.

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That is the generally expressed desire of a foreigner. To have hair like an English woman. Hair is a woman's chief adornment, but hair to be nice must have nice treatment.

Hair must be stimulated to live.

Continual brushing does this, and nothing else does it as effectually. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hairbrushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. Half an hour at night and half an hour in the morning were thought none too long a time to devote to this. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims, called by him "TATCHO," which is the Romany word for "genuine."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous liquor, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp and five minutes with the brush daily works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "TATCHO" to-day. The result will surprise you and be intensely gratifying.

"TATCHO" will stop the hair falling, and will make it beautiful in texture and double in volume.

"TATCHO" gives vitality to the hair at once and after a few days of treatment its youthful brightness; and, what is more, this vitality and brightness may be retained.

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